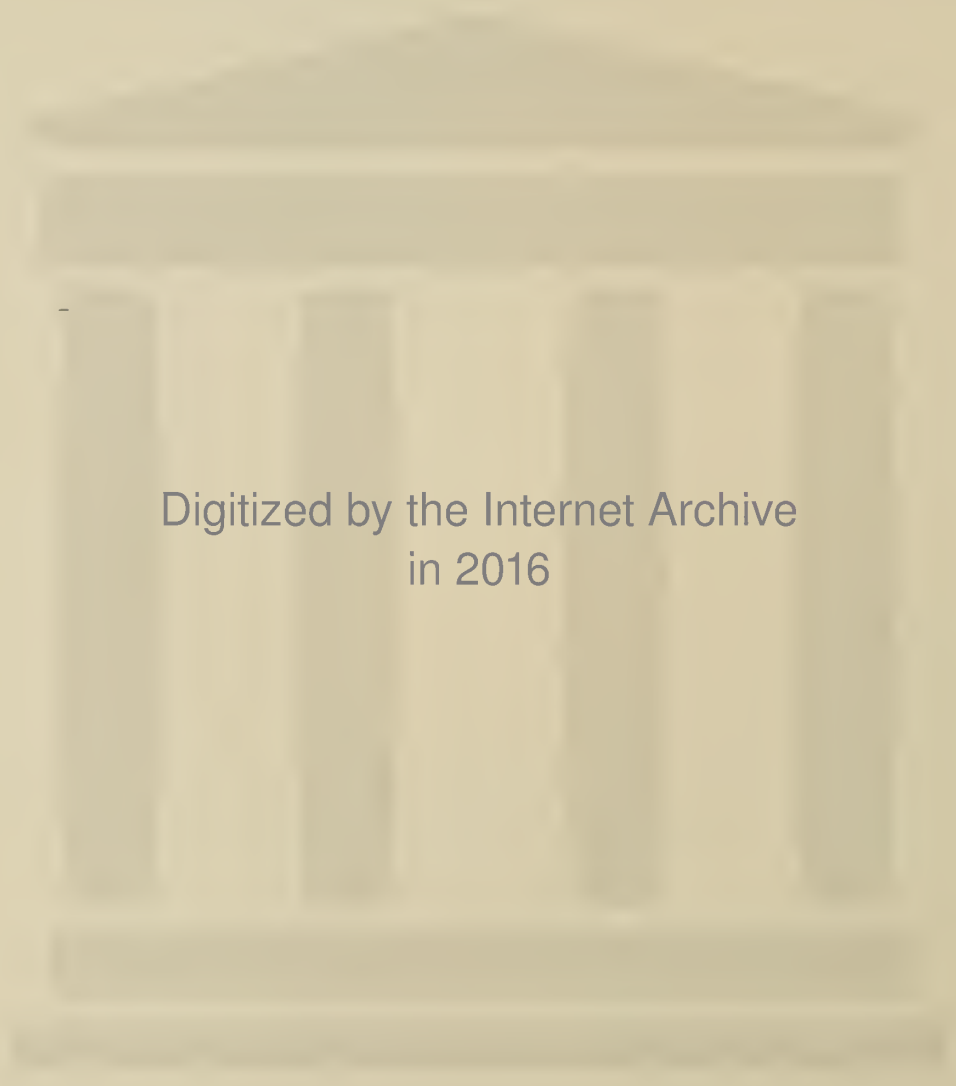




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THE CHAMELEON

VOLUME IV



Published By The
CLASS OF 1925
Belmont High School, Belmont, Mass.



To
Miss Grace Johnson
In Appreciation of Her Noble Womanhood
and Untiring Services To This School
The Class of 1925
Dedicates
This Year Book

Belmont High School



HAROLD T. BURNS

LOUISE WIGHT

EVERETT L. COPELAND

CHARLES N. CROUSE

EDNA BAILEY

ARTHUR A. CLARK

HARRY LEON

The 1925 Chameleon

The Chameleon Staff

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Editorials



THE time has come when some award for scholarship should be given. At present in the Belmont High School nothing but momentary glory crowns the work of students who have achieved high rank through hard work. Yet, athletes who spend two months training for a sport are awarded letters; surely, we should give our scholars at least part of the recognition that we shower so lavishly on those who have represented our school in some contest of brawn. With all due respect to the sacredness of the "B," it is a general opinion that some sort of a suitable emblem should serve as a substantial reward for scholarship.

H. T. B.



There is a slight tendency among members of this school to endeavor to show their sophistication by smoking, until it eventually becomes a habit. It is difficult to find a smoker who will endorse smoking as beneficial to the body or the mind. Our own records show that cigarette smokers do not usually capture first honors either in the scholastic or sport fields. Therefore, as Seniors, we cannot advise underclassmen too strongly against cultivating such a destructive weakness.

H. T. B.



THE CHAMELEON, as you probably know, is a small member of the chameleontes family, closely resembling the lizard. The essential difference between the two lies in the fact that the former may adapt his hue to suit the object with which he is in contact. Our CHAMELEON is not a reptile, but, because it variegates its color annually, and since it may change to meet any situation, this appellation is appropriated. No longer is this periodical an infant; it has grown; it must grow to better the standard set by its previous publishers.

Just as science is the mother of invention, determination fosters progress, consequently our lizard now resembles an alligator in size; for determination is the watchword of Belmont High. Skeptics are to be found in school life as well as in business, but it would be a very cantankerous being, who has the audacity to state that our little pet has not won a high place in the annals of our High School.

L. R.

The 1925 Chameleon



Belmont High School



WAYNE AUSTIN
President
HELEN FLINNER
Secretary

RITA VAUGHN
Vice-President
PAUL WHITNEY
Treasurer

The 1925 Chameleon



MARTHA HANF
Salutatorian



LEROY REDFIELD
Orator



ESTHER YENSEN
Valedictorian

Belmont High School



GLADYS ANDERSON

Golden hair and eyes of blue that hold secrets in them, hold them only till she meets you; then her secrets bubble over joyously. Dancing, basketball, and lessons—all are a source of her joy. We wonder if she will impart her sense of fun along with the A-B-C's she hopes to teach.



WAYNE AUSTIN

Tick-tick-tick! Slow but sure, describes "Ticker" to a "T." When the football team looked for a Captain, they chose Wayne; when our class voted for its president, we selected Wayne. These demonstrations of his popularity, however, did not overcome his shyness; whether plunging through Watertown's line, or listening to someone else's line, he has remained "Silent Wayne." You can bet that Dartmouth is getting a good thing in "Ticker."



EDNA BAILEY

Station B. H. S. presenting the unusual in personality, namely, Miss Edna Bailey. Perhaps, by this time, you have read one of her delicious short stories in the Book Dial or some equally fine magazine. Although Edna waited until November to cast her lot with us, she lost no time in stepping to the front as far as marks were concerned, for despite her dilatory arrival she took but one Mid-Year Exam. Even if her keen sense of humor and marked ability as a writer are not fully appreciated by all of us, some day we shall assert with pride, after reading an unusually clever story, "Yes, Edna was a member of that famous Class of '25."



HAROLD BAKER

Quiet, unassuming Harold! Yet his friends have found that he can be one of the jolliest fellows alive. His ambition, judging from a noisy fifth period spent in the typewriting room, is to become a secretary, so, girls, beware, or your anticipated position may be confiscated by a dapper young man.

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NELSON BARTSCH

Nel, our fresh air friend, is an exponent of the pastime made famous by Stevenson. Last year he did a heel and toe to Quebec and this year, we understand, he will see the Golden Gate. Nel once gave us a little talk on his travels accompanied by a beautiful, not to mention highly instructive, display of "galloping shadows." Great was the enthusiasm of his audience on that occasion. Had Nelson lived in the days when knights were bold, we assure you he would have been a dashing figure. As it is, he is still dashing—chiefly on the way to school. His habit of coming to school minus a hat in all seasons must be beneficial, for Nel's head, as well as his feet, carries him far.

FREDERICK BENNETT

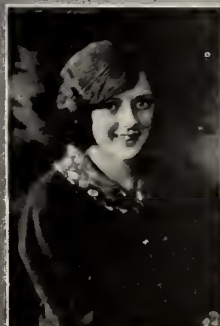
"Bill" is our lady's man! He ranks sixth in the class—alphabetically speaking, only; but when it comes to music, that's where "Bill" shines. His work in Sylvia will long be remembered, and his endeavors on the cornet, as part of the orchestra, weren't so bad either. We regret that none of the Metropolitan Opera Scouts were on hand at the presentation of Sylvia, because, as we understand it, the world is still waiting for someone to fill Caruso's shoes. As Fred goes to Hebron, he leaves a trail of broken hearts behind, including—(we withhold names for obvious reasons).

ROSILIND BJORK

Rosilind has achieved what has been hitherto considered impossible, a combination of unsurpassed beauty and an aptitude for assimilating the Messrs. Burke and Fite. Rosilind has successfully overcome the temptations of the barber's shears and as a result unbobbed locks lend an air of distinction to a person who will ever remain distinguished in the eyes of her friends.

NETTIE BRIGGS

Although it would be almost impossible to imagine Nettie as Joan of Arc or Queen Elizabeth, we can well imagine her as "laughter holding both its sides." Her ready wit reveals a brilliant mind, but unfortunately she believes in the old adage "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; study, and you stay home alone."



Belmont High School



GLADYS BURNS

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these." For clothes are Gladys' specialty. Since a perfect rainbow of colors appears in regular succession, rainy weather means nothing in Belmont when Gladys is in school. However, Gladys can do more than merely appear sweet. Those who have tasted her cooking whisper, "Yum, yum!"



EMILY BURDAKIN

We all are acquainted with Emily as we see her daily—a witty, dependable friend and a conscientious student. Her more than ordinary ability is especially shown when she is engaged in the copious task of ink-slinging. We, who had previously supposed her to be shy and retiring, were given a grand surprise not long ago in the Dramatic Club entertainment. There, our quiet Emily scattered dignity to the winds and fairly made us howl with delight. The way she sang the Doxology warmed the very cockles of our hearts. Upon second thought, could that really have been our demure "Little Em'ly?"



HAROLD T. BURNS

Vivid personality and vivid neckwear combine to form our Editor-in-Chief. His brilliance is not confined to his cravats, however, for a brighter mind could not be found in Belmont. One should be careful in talking to this embryo diplomat for he is ever ready for an argument—an argument in which his opponent can hope to rank nothing but second best. Since we entered high school, Harold T. has been a prime mover in events both social and scholastic. His ability as Sophomore President, Citizen Sport Editor, Football Manager, and Editor-in-Chief has shown us that we shall some day find him in an executive office. Many have heard of Burns, the poet, but it has been the pleasure of a few to meet our contemporary, Burns the orator, the literateur and the scholar. May your life be a bed of *Red, Red* roses, Harold!



JOHN BUTTERWORTH

This is Captain John who piloted the basketball tossers through the most successful season in several years. But John doesn't confine his efforts to indoor sports for he has earned letters both on the gridiron and on the diamond. If you perceive a tiny ivory tooth-brush on "Butter's" watch chain when he returns to visit the old school, you will apprehend that John has realized his ambition and has matriculated at Coach Harris' Alma Mater, Colgate.

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DOROTHY CAMPBELL

We sincerely regret that "Dot" did not make her debut among us long before she did. It was not until after Christmas of this year that she arrived from Holyoke, so you see what was Holyoke's loss turned out to be our gain. "Dot" is a very quiet and likeable young lady, which accounts for the many friends she has made in this short time. We can only hope that each of us may find an opportunity of knowing her better and enjoying her friendship in the years to come.

MARGARET CHERRY

We certainly are pleased that this "Cherry" decided to sever herself from the family tree and condescended to attend Belmont High. Margaret never has been guilty of burning the midnight oil; nevertheless, she is quite capable of clinging to a place on the honor roll, because of her characteristic of doing all work well. Intuition safely predicts that Margaret will never want for friends in her journey through life.

ARTHUR CLARK

This is the far-famed CHAMELEON coin-juggler. "Art," as our business manager, has displayed a dynamic force not to be expected from his stature. But then, small men are reputed to have great minds. Perhaps that explains why "Art" volunteers so often in History(???). Together with his business ability "Art" has shown a marked proclivity for the ladies and we are sure that such an irresistible combination will eventually spell success.

Pause a moment in silent tribute to "Clarkie" who made this year book financially possible, and, we hope, a financial success.

NORMAN COLBURN

Meet Mr. Consequential! To listen to Norman's eloquent recitations you might gather that he is well-versed on all subjects, but upon viewing his report card your assumptions would be shattered. When Norman became a Senior, he decided to take up football, and while serving in the line, he often managed to talk the opposing guard into stepping aside while he cleared the path for some speeding backfield man. If eloquence is appreciated at Hebron, we do not question your success there. Never mind the joking, Norman, you may fool us *some* day.



Belmont High School



HELEN COLEMAN

Who is the most obliging girl in the Senior Class? Helen, of course. Ask and it shall be done, seems to be her motto. Whether in school or out, that characteristic is most prominent. Who can scold Helen? When she smiles at you, your irritation is soothed; you become hypnotized by her serenity. You may say Helen is very conservative, but you cannot know her, for among a crowd she is always heard. She is sure of success after she leaves Belmont, for her promptness and ever-ready spirit are certain to secure her a good position—but remember, Helen, do not forget us!



CATHERINE CONROY

Capable Captain Catherine Conroy's courageous colleagues conquered constantly in court clashes! Now do you "C"? During her secondary school days Catherine has been able to capture good marks with little if any apparent effort. But frankly, Catherine, you must learn to regulate your whispering if you ever expect to make use of your proposed normal school education.

"Babe's" abilities include a line capable of reaching to Harvard and a perfect bowling score. We wonder if it is because she burns the midnight oil over her Burke that she has a propensity for trailing to school just a wee bit late—Yes—wot?



ROGER COREY

If you have never heard Roger give a demonstration of his intense wisdom in his pleasing drawl, you've missed a treat. To and from school Roger invariably carried a well stuffed black brief case, which not only lent a professional air to his otherwise athletic appearance, but also served as a container for his daily brain food, a nice yellow banana. Undoubtedly, this once scarce fruit was highly instrumental in aiding Roger to pass his C. E. B. exams for Harvard.



CHARLES N. CROUSE

In at least one respect Charlie is the *greatest* man in our class. This attribute has shown its usefulness in the hanging of pictures in proximity to the ceiling of 307. Charlie is always the good fellow who is ready to oblige, so, in future, we shall be sure of at least one haven of good-heartedness.

But!! when Charlie is in earnest—step lively! It was he who, as President of the Athletic Association, stirred us to greater endeavor and it was he who led us, as drum-major of our noble band.

The 1925 Chameleon

Everett L. Copeland

EVERETT L. COPELAND

Harvard has her "Copey," so has Belmont High! Everett intends to venture into the fields of journalism; he has even gone as far as to promise Miss Annie Johnson that he will personally write up, for the Associated Press, the inauguration of Senator Borah as President in 1933. In keeping with the traditions of the members of his proposed vocation, Copeland is a "snappy collegiate dresser," and has been not only the first in Belmont to appear arrayed in white corduroys, but also the introducer of many other fads too numerous to mention. Many of these personal sketches in the CHAMELEON, as well as several of the literary articles, are the product of "Dick's" pen, the finest in the High School. The Class of 1925 is justly proud of her Head Literary Editor, and Columbia is fortunate in getting him.

EDITH CULLINGTON

*"Edith; Edith;
Chew, chew, chew!"*

Gum, of course, and with velocity. Combined with frantic hand movements and recited orations, she might well be set up as a marvel of the town. We wonder how she keeps her hands warm in winter? When deep in thought Edith chews harder than ever, thus we can well imagine how much gum was consumed while conquering Burke.

PHYLLIS DENNIE

This is our accommodating amanuensis who succeeded in translating the editor's hieroglyphics with unerring accuracy. Phyllis had a well deserved interest in the sesqui-centennial observance at Lexington this year, because some of her ancestors actually faced the red-coats in '75. We are ever so grateful to you, Phyllis; thank you most heartily.

LILLIAN DOREY

Whenever you saw Lillian within our sacred walls, she was either talking or writing notes, but never studying! Consequently it is difficult to estimate her latent ability, but she has already proved that acting comes natural. One glance at her bewitching dimples and *curled* tresses would explain why you have never seen her name on the Honor Roll, although there were but few social functions which were not honored by her presence during her stay in B. H. S. Never mind, "Lil," we really think that there isn't a business man in Boston who could refuse to accept you as his stenographer, provided you applied personally.



Belmont High School

HELEN EISNOR

Vivacious, fun-loving Helen, and studious too. Her method of winning all is noteworthy, from a race across the gym to a host of new friends. But, alas, has our idol feet of clay? For, 'tis said she has a weakness. In horror we were told never to tempt Helen with candy, for she falls victim every time.



MAE ELLIS

Mae is our most gifted and diminutive conversation-alist. Any person who believes Mae to be always calm and demure as she looks to be, is laboring under a false impression, for there are times when she is fairly bubbling over with impishness and superfluous good spirits. With Mae's matriculation at the Emerson School of Oratory the ancient Demosthenes must look to his laurels. If Mae doesn't become a famous senatoress, we miss our guess.



MARIE FAIRCLOTH

Marie is one of the original members of the Class of 1925, having been with us since kindergarten days. This quiet little Miss amazed us when she succeeded in keeping an average of eighty points in spite of the opposition of the Messrs. Shakespeare, Milton, Ben Ezra, Burke, Carlyle, Muzzey and West. Keep up that standard, Marie, and we do not question your success.



SIDNEY FARRELL

"Sid" is our red-headed hero, whose sixty-yard run to victory in the 1924 Watertown gridiron clash will ever be an inspiration to one hundred and thirty "pounders" who aspire to "make" the Varsity eleven. His name has appeared on the line-up of every school sport, excepting, possibly, girls' basketball and hockey, although he was well represented by his better half there. Unless we miss our guess, Walter Camp's successor will have occasion to use Sid's name in his "All" selection four or five years hence. Without "Sid" as his chief assistant, we doubt if "Clarkie" could have accomplished as much as he did.



The 1925 Chameleon

HELEN FLINNER

This is the young lady who was always writing letters on "trick" stationery and addressing them to various colleges in the East, for Helen falls hopelessly in love regularly every two months. Most of us go through life paddling our own canoe, but Helen navigated her Senior year with a dory. Nevertheless, we are yet to see Helen with an unprepared lesson. If Helen rises to prominence at Radcliffe, as she probably will, she intends to direct her efforts to annexing Radcliffe to Harvard.

JOHN FOSTER

Johnnie possesses more titles than even Prince Toby-tum (one of Sylvia's host of suitors), having been Debating Society President, Hockey Captain, Football Manager, CHAMELEON Business Manager, Tennis Captain as well as a student of renown, not to mention his widespread repute as a debater. In short you have Archimedes, Pythagoras, Demosthenes, Caesar and perhaps Romeo, combined in one individual. Since John is decidedly an all-round chap, figuratively speaking, it's difficult to find any particular angle on which to hang knocks or compliments—more probably the latter.

GEORGE GILES

Yes, this is "Gige," "Jake," etc! another favorite of the fair sex. Poor "Jake" was the disappointed lover in Sylvia, whose singing we enjoyed so thoroughly. Besides having an eye for Beauty, "Jake" is sometimes on speaking terms with Caesar, Cicero, Milton, Burke and some of the other notables. "Gige" is stepping up to Hebron to prepare for Bowdoin; that is, if he doesn't get lost in the wilds of Maine. Although "Jake" never took the bother to get on the Honor Roll, he seldom missed an opportunity to strut his stuff—and he can strut. Good luck, George, and remember us to the Pine Tree State shebas.

EDGAR GAZAN

Edgar belongs to the family which makes it a habit to capture all the prizes at our school socials. If we had a track or boxing team, Edgar might win a "B" to supplant the "A" that he has on the reverse side of his sweater, but Ed has abandoned athletics for saxophonizing. Ugh! Drop around some day and listen to his rendering a selection. By the way, take a bit of friendly advice and wait until he becomes accomplished! Howbeit, Ed, we watch with interest your efforts to find something to minimize the pain from burns.



my (G. Foster)

Belmont High School



MARGARET GAZAN

Tall, slender Margaret, "Gazan" to her friends, wandered into our midst from Arlington almost two years ago. (She is the "big sister" of the other "Gazan" found somewhere near here.) As captain of the Senior Girls' Basketball Team, she proved to be quite a whirlwind. "Gazan," with the aid of her 'tittle bruvver, affords us much amusement on many occasions. There seems to be a bit of good-natured rivalry between the "Gazanzes" as to who shall have the last word.



MARTHA HANF

Pause, my friends, you are now in the august presence of our salutatorian. Indeed! When we consider that Martha does everything ninety per cent perfect, we have reason to revere this unusually diligent young lady. In spite of the countless minutes that Martha spent on Virgil, Burke and the like, she ably served in the capacity of "keeper of the pearly gates" at 307,—and woe betide the testudineous scholar! Set the pace for the other prodigies at Radcliffe, Martha.



MARY HIGGINS

Oh! the demure lass with the golden curls. Save your money, movie fans, and visit Belmont High, for our Mary has eclipsed the other Mary. She has smiled her way from Freshman to Senior and is still smiling. Sometimes we wonder what fathomless depth lies behind that smile, but as yet, her classmates have diagnosed only ready wit, brains, happiness, ambition and ????????



DORIS HINCKLEY

Doris is our interior decorator. With deft fingers she can quickly transform an ugly, bare room into an attractive, cozy one. Although diminutive in stature, she possesses quite a charming personality. It was Doris who helped to make our barren gym into a woodland bower for the scene of the Senior Masquerade.

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EVELYN JOHNSON

What's the matter with Evelyn? She's all right! (Try this over on your piano.) From the photo on the side you will probably notice Ev's wavy hair and smile. Besides receiving good marks herself, she is a good "Samaritan" to less clever classmates. Though quiet at times and rather hard to become intimate with, she is very effervescent while in the company of her pals.

KATHERINE JONES

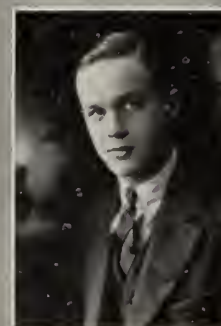
Katherine seems able to hold her own in any field. Basketball player, scholar and secretary to the Superintendent. Yet none of her outside activities keep her name from the honor roll. Many times has Katherine saved the day for her less gifted fellows by rising at an opportune moment in English or History to render, with sound logic, her opinions on Burke or the Civil War. Katherine has surely adopted for her standby, Caesar's motto—*"Veni, vidi, vici."*

HAROLD KELLEY

If your smile isn't just right in this year book, blame Harold, because he had charge of the photographs. When we inform you that the basketball team, which, according to tradition, selects a modern Apollo Belvedere to take care of its business, chose Harold as its manager, we need no further proof of the young man's unusual good-looks. Will anyone forget that peaches and cream—some call it salmon pink; others, boiled lobster—blush of his? Incidentally, "Skeeter's" good-looks are surpassed only by his willingness to work.

CARL KRUGER

You are wrong, gentle reader, this is not H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, but simply a former Springfield Republican who recently decided to become a Belmont Citizen. The past few months have shown us that when Carl concentrates, Burke quails. Incidentally, Carl is a regular walking photograph gallery but, we must confess that, in spite of the elaborateness and singular beauty of his collection, there is absolutely no variety. Well, Carl, old man, we hope that you will remain as faithful to us although all sorts of honors are heaped upon you at B. U.



Belmont High School



HARRY LEON

Behold, my friends! You are now gazing upon the noble visage of none other than Harry Leon, celebrated essayist and wit. Although this swain waited until last fall to migrate to The Town of Homes, Belmont claims handsome Harry as her own. Mr. Leon's favorite indoor sport is propounding baffling questions of a scientific nature to the honorable Mr. Grover C. Greenwood of South Sudbury fame. Ten years hence, don't be surprised if you find in the Saturday Evening Transcript a treatise written by the aforesaid gentlemen relating to the effect of earthquakes on the batting averages of baseball players.



MARGUERITE LETHERMAN

She may be small, not a bit tall, but just the same she is there when you call. Who? Why, Margie—the winsome, diminutive, frail bit of dresden who danced her way into our hearts. If sympathy is wanted, one may be sure of a full measure of it from Marguerite. She possesses the quality of a lyrical writer, in that she puts emotion into all her literary works.



AUBIGNE LERMOND

Our Minerva! The fact that Aubigne can handle allusions more skillfully than the rest of us, makes us inclined to believe that she acquired this art from close association with the ancient deities and the Muses. She certainly makes a most dignified and efficient president of the Girls' Literary and Dramatic Society, as well as a leading Editor of the CHAMELEON. Unless we miss our guess, Aubigne will show Simmons a Belmont High School product at its best.



ERIC LIFNER

A voice like Eric's emanating from such a bashful, looking personage is startling in the extreme and defies explanation. Eric, from appearances, should be attractive to the fair maidens of Belmont, but strange to say, he has never been known to choose friends outside his own sex. Perhaps this unwonted exemption has been due to his school work; at least, it seems that this plan is efficient, for good marks have an annoying habit of appearing, with great frequency, upon Eric's report card.

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JESSIE LITTLEJOHN

Jessie, where have you been hiding? Jessie is one of our quiet little Misses who, when asked to do a task, sets about it so quietly that it is done before anyone knows it. Beneath this quiet exterior, however, there is a beautiful personality. Although Jessie is a conscientious student, she can tell one all about the new plays in town.

EDITH LOCKHART

Every picture tells its story, but "Jest and youthful jollity" are only Edith's chrysalis, for underneath her sparkling countenance lies a hidden wealth of steadfastness and idealism. Yet even the great have idiosyncrasies; thus Edith's preference for hardwood trees is not wholly unusual. Scientific investigation has resulted in the following formula; Ambition † Happiness, † Sincerity== Edith Lockhart.

WILLIAM LONG

Home run! Whew! Who hit that? Why, Captain "Bill" Long, of course. Look at him travel around those bases. Arlington certainly made no mistake in choosing Bill for her Captain in 1924; neither did Belmont in 1925. Keep up the good work, Old Fellow, and you will be captain of a big league team soon. Only, Bill,—just keep your studies from sliding, as diligently as you stopped other sliders!

HELEN LOUMOUS

Ah! the perfect type of Grecian beauty, but in this case beauty is more than skin deep. Helen has proved the truth of that old adage, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," for only the Seniors may say how much we missed her during her serious illness this winter. For her faculty of dissecting the arguments of Burke in times of stress, English IVb proposes a vote of thanks to Miss Helen Loumous.



Belmont High School

FRED MAGUIRE

"Batteries for to-day! Maguire and—" That's what will greet our ears at Fenway Park in 1930. When Fred climbs to the mound with the famous offspring of Mr. Wrigley perched precariously on the peak of his cap, his teammates and all Belmontonians sigh with relief, knowing that he will extricate them from a hole. In order to play baseball one must have a high average, so Fred turns his otherwise spare time to studies. We do wish you would give the other members of the history class a chance to recite, Fred!

ROBERT MASON

Is it any wonder that such a shy youth should select white as his favorite color? Unless you have followed the basketball games or visited the Debating Society, you perhaps do not know "Bobby." Our class has great faith in Robert, for it elected him once, to have charge of its funds, and again to serve in the capacity of Vice-President. Keep up the eighty per cent average at M. I. T., Robert, and we shall see you a Civil Engineer before long.

ADALAIDE McDERMOTT

There is no doubt but that Adalaide is best known because of her ability as an accompanist. She paddles the ivories for our noble efforts in assembly; she sustains us throughout rehearsals; in fact, she's always playing the "pianny" for some one. Did you ever stop to realize what a tremendous responsibility rests upon Adalaide while she is "rendering" a hymn? Should she but juggle the time a bit, by adding a note here and omitting one there, we might find ourselves chiming in on a syncopated version of some venerable hymn. Fortunately, Adalaide is very dependable, so nothing so terrible as we have pictured is ever apt to occur.

ELEANOR McLAUGHLIN

Eleanor is the charming young lady who parks her sedan on Orchard Street each morning. We have yet to see our fair motorist without a meticulous marcelle. Perhaps that explains Eleanor's popularity at Belmont's social functions for, we regret to say, in spite of the myriad attractions that studies hold forth, Eleanor is hopelessly addicted to the art made famous by Gilda Grey. Eleanor doesn't spend all of her time in dancing, for good marks are ever her lot.

The 1925 Chameleon

MARGARET MELIA

In spite of the fact that Margaret does not talk much in school, we feel that once outside the portals of this institution, she chatters as well as the rest of us. It may be that Mr. Burke has scared her to silence or that historical quagmires have absorbed her energy.

Typewriting, however, holds no terror for this young lady. To see her fingers flying over the mechanical keys will reassure you of her prowess in that line. Here's to the success of our future stenographer!

PATRICK MURPHY

Can you use a husky young man to assist you in decorating, or a peppy baby Lincoln to give you a lift? Then get in touch with Pat, for he will do anything that is do-able. Studies are another thing, because Pat figures that he isn't helping anyone else by preparing his lessons, so what is the use of spending time in such selfish pleasures? The frailty took one of the best fighters from the football line. Nevertheless, Pat shines spasmodically, and we do believe that such a good-natured fellow cannot help but get along in the world.

CHARLES NAPOLI

A class would not be complete without its "Tom Thumb;" ours exists in the person of Charles Napoli. This midget conquers Burke with the same ease that he vanquishes his opponent on the football field. His exuberant mirth is as spontaneous as it is irrepressible. Charlie has still another unique characteristic; his ability to be, seemingly, in two places at once, for in one afternoon he plays baseball, does his studying and executes his duties at the Strand. A person of diversity—we'll say he is.

OLGA NELSON

Another one of the favorites of the Gods! Of course Olga's mass of information and copious vocabulary are not natural gifts; rather they have been acquired from pantophagous perfection!!! (Laugh that off.) Unfortunately Olga's poetical masterpieces have not been as widely diffused as some of the bards, but nevertheless they are good. It might be well to mention that Olga has a tendency to get good marks. It won't be long before Fannie Hearst has a rival, Olga, if you keep on at your present rate.



Belmont High School



DAVID OAKES

David is our gentle poet and ungentle satirist who does not wait for spring, but when winter comes (with due apologies to Hutchinson) turns his thoughts to beautiful expression in verse. Although poetry is one of his numerous natural acquisitions, it was not brought into prominence until he engaged in a verbal poetical joust with one of our other minstrels. For further evidence of this youth's ability, we refer you to the joke department. We know that Dave will remain with us, for his "heart" is "lock"ed in Belmont.



MARY O'LEARY

Mary slipped into our class with hardly any notice, but we lost little time in appreciating Mary's ability at the typewriter. Speed! Mary can typewrite as fast as C. R. C. can talk and that is no mean achievement! Here's hoping you type your way to fame, Mary.



DORIS PACKARD

Dainty and shy, but it is a different story on the History floor. Here determination comes to the fore, since she must vanquish her brother in the daily race for dots. Moreover "Dot" shines in the field of unexcelled Terpsichore or, as mere mortals put it, dancing.



EARL PACKARD

Friends, this is Earl,—1925's lady-killer. Earl may be shy and rather secretive when it comes to divulging the mysteries of American History, but although he stands in awe of the chairman, Earl can't be caught by an unexpected question. "Quiet" is Earl's middle name; yet he has another side, for when playing basketball, he displays qualities far from quiescent. Earl's mind, also, is extremely active for, although his recitations are few and far between, he conquers his studies with wonderful diligence. But, Earl, to be successful you *must* refrain from so much feminine society. (????).

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LEROY REDFIELD

Aha—LeRoy! the youth with the highest average among the boys for the four years' work, and whom Harvard would welcome with open arms, if he would deign to matriculate at that Cambridge University. LeRoy is also skilled in the gentle art of wise-cracking, especially in verse. Debate! Man alive, this rising young orator would make Dan Webster look to his laurels. One winter he managed the hockey team; the next winter he sought the seclusion of the Gym and made the basketball quintet, rather an unusual accomplishment.

JOSEPH ROCKETT

Gentlemen, hush! Joe intends to be a teacher! We can picture Joe, rotund and dignified, in a professor's chair with his habitual smile eradicated for the time being but held in check ready for instant use. Well, Joe, you made a name for yourself in the role of "Willyum," stalwart yokel of "Sylvia" fame, and in the presidential chair of the Spanish Club, so, if precedent be correct, you will also score as an upholder of didactic principles.

ANNA SEMPLE

Anna doesn't often volunteer, but the surprising regularity of her correct answers concerning Burke's logic has startled more than one skeptical listener.

Anna's voice was never intended for the vocation of auctioneering, that is certain, but upon occasion it has shattered all previous records and broken into voluminous and authoritative sound. We have decided that beneath Anna's serene calm is an exceptionally rich personality.

STANLEY RUSSELL

"Well groomed men and actors use it." So does Stan, but in vain. Although this smiling youth has never voiced his desire to become a sailor, it may be clearly seen that the rolling wave is forever on his mind. With a temper as hard to ruffle as his golden locks, Stan is ever popular.

Fragrant and beautiful hair is not Stan's only attribute. Not at all! When it comes to scholastic duties, Stan steps out in front with the best of us. History classes quake before his sound logic and piercing voice. Burke's speech appears to be a primer when Stan attacks. These, and other achievements, prove that the daily shampoo develops the gray matter.



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FRANCES SANDERSON

Frances is one of the leading violinists in the Orchestra. When we consider that there are almost twenty fiddlers in the organization, that is no little distinction. Entrusted with the tedious duty of reminding all the young ladies in the class that Mr. Waid was anxiously waiting to photograph them, Frances served the Year Book Staff diligently and well.



ELIZABETH SCOTT

A slender, fair-haired damsel—with unshorn tresses—is Elizabeth. Cruel, cruel instructors hold no qualms for her! She is quite at home in any class room and is so well-informed generally that she is able to glide into Wheaton on “ye Certificate”—(No mean accomplishment, that!) But, that's not half of it. Is there, perchance one among us who is not familiar with Elizabeth's charming Posters? This question leads us to remark that the likeable young lady now focused under our Chameleon microscope, shows great promise in the field of Art.



LAWRENCE SHAUGHNESSEY

“Put that in the waste-basket, Lawrence.” Shiner's favorite fruit, we regret to say, is the one produced by Mr. Wrigley, with the prefix “juicy.” In spite of his constantly wagging jaw, Lawrence manages to absorb his lessons with unusual accuracy. We shall never forget the manner in which Lawrence addresses the chairman of the history class, “*MISTER* President.”



RUTH SPARROW

Like the rest of the sparrows, Ruth has been with us as long as we can remember, although, as a rule, she kept so quiet that few were aware of her presence. We can always regard Ruth as an altruistic lady, willing at any time to step into the role of Good Samaritan.

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KATHERINE E. SULLIVAN

Carlyle has a rival! Our Kay, after several years of painstaking investigation, has just completed a startling essay on Burns, that makes Carlyle's masterpiece resemble a radio bed-time story. Friends, at Miss Sullivan's special request, we beseech you not to judge her by the picture which accompanies this sketch. Kay has one of those rare physiognomies which defy the art of photography to reproduce. Evidently the Class of '25 appreciates excellency, for Kay has been appointed to a surprising assortment of offices—from Junior President clean through to Chairman of the Senior Social Committee. Take special notice of her artistic embellishments in this year book. When we want to put something across with a particular bang, we get this young tornado to start the agitation. Here's to the belle of the Class of 1925!

GERALDINE SMITH

Geraldine is a very good little girl and has light, light hair like "Goldy Locks" who stole the porridge from the three bears. Some of the horrid old teachers have given Geraldine a nice big "A" which made her Auntie very proud of her. Geraldine is a very good little girl in her studies as all very good little girls should be. Pardon the strictly puerile lingo, but, seriously, we want you to understand that we have just completed a eulogy on the "Baby of the Class of 1925."

OSCAR SWANSON

It is said that Oscar developed his stentorian voice, shouting commands to phantom assistant managers during the hockey season, for few were willing to aid in chasing pucks in the wintry blast. Although Oscar is invariably a bit shy in volunteering, he usually has his lessons done. Oscar is the best natured and most obliging fellow in the Senior Class, but strange to say, he is its only misogynist—that is, according to our far-reaching research. Our records also disclose that Oscar ranks second to the winner of the four-year diurnal marathon to school, and who will deny that a prompt, good-natured man is not an asset to this class?

EVELYN TOBEY

Every class has its red-head beauty. Pardon us, Evelyn, it's not red; it's auburn!! Evelyn is not quick to anger; on the contrary, we have never had the pleasure of seeing her vexed. It is difficult to make the acquaintance of such a shy, unassuming young lady, but once you do, it's worth the bother. Cushing is going to have a charming co-ed on its register next fall.



Belmont High School



RITA VAUGHN

Please get this straight! Our Rita is neither a Theda Bara nor a Peggy Joyce, but a good scholar, a brilliant athlete and a ready worker; heart-breaking is merely an avocation. Rita's work as private secretary for our Business Manager received the highest praise as did her effort on the basketball court. "I shall miss you, Rita," quoth our busy Business Manager. So say we all.



JAMES WELLINGER

"Ouch!" Evidently some unsuspecting chap has received one of James' friendly punches. Every time James scores a hit with one of these numerous "love-taps," it registers on his jolly countenance. The louder the cry, the wider the grin. When not engaged in mischievous pursuits, James applies himself to scholastic tasks with commendable zeal. This zeal results in excellent marks, so we shall allow James to continue using his spare time for administering blows to innocent by-standers.



MABEL WESTLUND

"Betty, Betty, where are you?" Although William had quite a time finding her in "Sylvia," Mabel will always be easily discovered in the memories of the Class of '25. Mabel showed her true ability when she enthralled the audience with her peerless characterization of a simple country maid. Actress, operatic star, scholar and attractive lady that she is, Mabel has shown us a number of sides, many of which were unexpected.



PAUL WHITNEY

Paul thinks that Muscle Shoals should be controlled by the Government. At least that's what Paul contended in one of the best debates the society has ever heard. Paul is our "Il Penseroso"; in fact he is perpetually burdened with deep contemplation and, as usual, could not hold a smile long enough to have his photo snapped. When Paul gets away from school, however, he reveals an unexpected side to his character and merrily chases a puck over the rink, with remarkable dexterity.

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ELIZABETH WHITE

"Louder!" Is it possible that such a tiny, inarticulate voice is coming from the incomparable basketball forward of the past three years—namely, Elizabeth White? Yes, this is one of the frailties which this versatile young lady must overcome before she receives her diploma from the Emerson School of Oratory. If Elizabeth is not present at an affair, whether it be social or athletic, it certainly is not worth attending. Put two or three stages of audio amplification on your vocal chords, "Libby," and we shall certainly hear from you in the future.

LOUISE WIGHT

Louise ("Sylvia," our prima donna, and "L. W.," our artist), is perhaps the most accomplished member of the Class of '25. Those who are familiar with Louise's art (this book contains one sample), and who heard her in the title role of "Sylvia" realize that Louise has been a valuable asset to our class. We wonder who will take Louise's place next year when the Dramatic and Debating Societies begin their demands for posters.

ESTHER YENSEN

*"Only the brave deserve the fair,
Only the victor, the booty."*

Thus we pass the laurels to our dignified valedictorian and humbly gather the pearls of wisdom that fall at her feet. We gaze with awe at Esther's report card and touch with reverence the sacred A's that adorn it. We wish you luck, Esther. May your favorite flower ever be the laurel.

ARTHUR YOUNG

"Positively different!" That describes Arthur! None of us ever got close enough to Arthur to call him any name other than his baptismal appellation. Math, of any sort, is second nature to Mr. Young, and like ancient Archimedes, Arthur (note the splendid example of alliteration), dotes on Physics. Then, too, this distinctive individual is the fortunate owner of a versatile voice (more alliteration); indeed, he invariably sang even the mezzo-soprano and alto parts during the rehearsals of Sylvia, accompanying the soloists in a pleasing (?) undertone. Keep your eye on Arthur, because we wouldn't be at all astonished if he eventually succeeded in capturing a place in the M. I. T. Faculty.



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HELEN RAND

By what power of enchantment did this young lady so skilfully evade the clutches of Burke? Ah! cruel fate! —to release her from bondage, while we lesser mortals have yet to complete the sentence! Not that we are envious of our clever little classmate. Indeed, we are glad of her good fortune, our chief anxiety being fear that she will forget us in her zeal for work.

MISS LUARD

The members of the graduating class are especially appreciative of the help and co-operation given so generously by Miss Luard, the head librarian of the Belmont Public Library. On several occasions during the past year, Miss Luard has given short lectures explaining fully to the Juniors and Seniors the arrangement and accessibility of library material. Belmont is most fortunate in having such a librarian as Miss Luard, who so earnestly and carefully carries on her work.



We Are Grateful



THE Editor of this Year Book, in behalf of the students of the Belmont High School, wishes to express sincere gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Farrell and Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hawkes. Their work in transporting our athletic teams as well as their hearty support of everything worth while in the line of scholastic or social activities, will never be forgotten.

ED.

"These Eventful Years"

In September, 1921, a sprightly band of young hopefuls entered, with alacrity, the auspicious temple of knowledge, Belmont High. But alas! these expectant recruits were consigned by Sophomores to the abject role of Freshmen; and there remained in total obscurity for one whole year.

However, upon their elevation to the awesome degree of Sophomore, this same group instigated the persecution of their successors in martyrdom. Thus emerged from our chrysalis we elected officers as follows: President, Harold T. Burns; Vice-President, "Kay" Sullivan; Secretary, Edith Lockhart; Treasurer, Robert Mason. Our first blowout resulted in a Valentine Festivity at which mirth and Terpsichore reigned.

In the fall of 1923 we selected as president, "Kay" Sullivan and opened the social activities with a Hallowe'en party where decorum yielded to the higher duty of jovialty (apologies to Edmund Burke). However, as Juniors, we did not confine our activities to "indoor social functions," since we held a unique toboggan party at the Arlmont Country Club in February, as well as an enjoyable class picnic in June at Deveraux Beach.

True to the established precedent we shook off the lethargy of winter by our Junior Prom. which closed the frolics of the season.

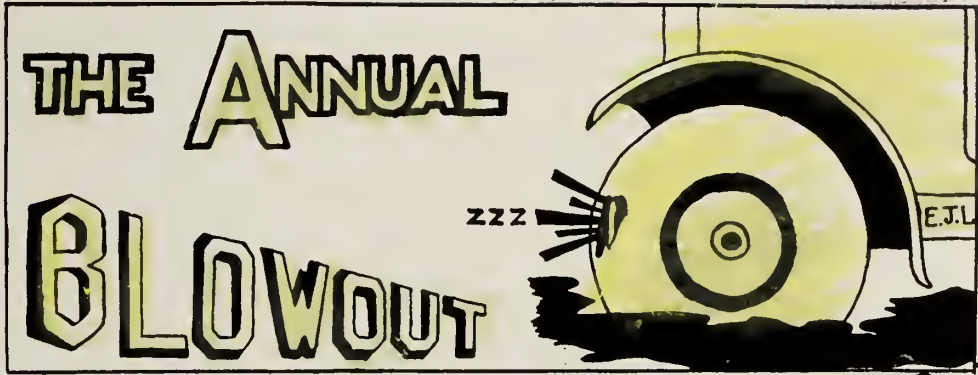
September, 1924 dawned with a new meaning to this class, for we were then full-fledged Seniors and lost no time in electing the following officers: President, Wayne Austin; Vice-President, Rita Vaughn; Secretary, Helen Flinner, and Treasurer, Paul Whitney. A resolve was made to make this year the most satisfactory that Belmont has ever known. In October, a delightful Masquerade party, for Seniors only, was held. The participators were treated to a short sojourn in Wonderland and then initiated into the sepulchral terrors of Hallowe'en.

They soon revived and assumed the daily regime which concentrated on studies. The Boys' Debating Society gained much popularity and success under the capable guidance of its president, John H. Foster. To maintain an equal degree of usefulness, the girls' club, "The Belmontian," was organized. Milton, Burke and History were met and conquered. The year sped quickly by and on the 17th of April, the annual Senior Prom was held, but you may read of that in another section of this annual.

Many interesting and more than a few harrowing experiences are beginning to loom on the Seniors' horizon—we are looking forward to some with joy; to others with base fear (finals for example). However, we shall SURVIVE and when that dreaded but thrilling day dawns—June 12—we shall be there to grasp feverishly the "sheepskin" you love to touch! But all that we are and all that we hope to be, we owe to the Faculty of B. H. S.

C. R. C.

The 1925 Chameleon



The Senior Prom, the leading social function in the scholastic year, occurred in the Town Hall on the evening of April 17, 1925, after weeks of elaborate preparation. On that never-to-be-forgotten night, the Class of 1925 acted as host to almost two hundred guests who were introduced to the receiving line composed of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford B. Comery, Miss Annie Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Farrel, and Mr. Wayne Austin, by the ushers, the Messrs. Everett Copeland, Carl Kruger, Norman Colburn, Sidney Farrel and Harold T. Burns. Miss Gertrude Miller, our faithful Class Advisor, was unable to be present, consequently her absence was deeply regretted.

The austerity of the Town Hall was transformed into an ideal scene for such a brilliant gathering. Black and yellow, being our Class Colors, were everywhere. Several strings of balloons floated above the heads of the dancers as they tripped the light fantastic to the syncopation of "Bill" Spencer's Harvard Orchestra.

Immediately following the refreshments, Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Frank A. Scott, with Miss Annie Johnson, led a grand march. At the close of the march, souvenirs were distributed to the guests. The young ladies received dainty diamond-eyed dogs while the gentlemen were given handsome red bandana kerchiefs. The climax of the evening came when over two hundred inflated black and yellow balloons were released and left to the mercy of the dancers. One can readily imagine the disappointment of these devotees of Terpsichore when the orchestra ceased syncopating.

We owe the success of the Prom largely to the unceasing efforts of the Chairman of the Social Committee, Miss Katherine Sullivan, under whose direction the several committees worked diligently to produce such splendid results.

H. T. B.

Belmont High School



CHARLES GILES
President
ELIZABETH LOCKE
Secretary

REBECCA HOOKER
Vice-President
HARRY MASSEY
Treasurer



When our Class of 1926 entered the High School, we had the distinction of having a larger class membership than any previous one which had entered its portals; for we numbered one hundred and sixty.

At the first class meeting the following officers were elected: President, Richard Murphy; Vice-President, Elizabeth Locke; Secretary, William Leahy; Treasurer, Jane Sherman. Like all other Freshman classes our opening year in High School was comparatively uneventful except for the party which was given in May. This proved to be a great success in every detail; and we started upon our Sophomore year with high hopes.

This time we elected the popular athlete, Morris Secor, as President; William Leahy as Vice-President; Jesse Billings as Treasurer; and Franklin Waid as Secretary. Our frolic that year took the form of a Valentine Party, which although somewhat of a financial failure, was pronounced a success by all who attended.

The present officers of our class are: President, Charles Giles; Vice-President, Rebecca Hooker; Secretary, Elizabeth Locke; Treasurer, Harry Massey.

This year, under the capable guidance of Rebecca Hooker and her social committee, we held a "Twelfth Night Frolic" which was largely attended and greatly enjoyed. Then came that glorious event, the Junior Prom, which had been long anticipated. It was celebrated on the evening of May the second in the spacious hall of the Winthrop L. Chenery School on Washington Street. The hall was prettily decorated in red and gold, the class colors. The Prom was a great success, with the help of our efficient Class Advisor, Miss Annie Johnson.

In 1925, our boys won the school basketball championship; and we were well represented in both boys' and girls' athletics.

Taken as a whole, this has been a very happy year and we are looking forward to many gay activities when we assume the role of "dignified" Seniors.

FLORENCE E. LOCKE, '26.

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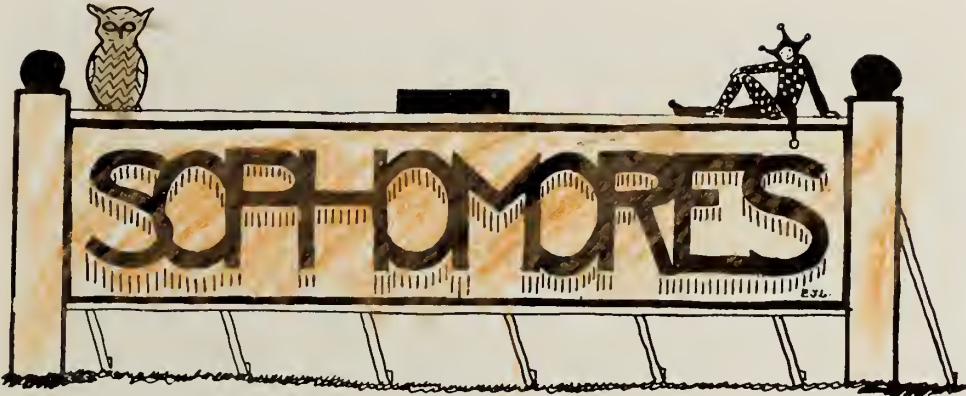


WILFRED HOOD
President



HELEN SUTTILL
Secretary

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The Sophomores are now well along in their second year within the educational bounds of historic Belmont High. They have discarded their rattles and other playthings, leaving those childish pleasures to the younger generation, known disparagingly as Freshmen (accent on the *fresh*). This year, the inimitable Wilfred Hood presides in the chair, while the lesser dignitaries, Jane Woods, Helen Suttill, and William Small, hold the incumbencies of Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, respectively.

Last year Marion MacLean ("Sis") guided them adroitly through the notable but rather obscure Freshman period. During her term of office, the progressive Entertainment Committee successfully managed the Freshman party, a thing worthy of much praise, which serves as a precedent and a propitious beginning to all their activities and achievements.

This year, their greatest event was the Sophomore social. The Entertainment Committee carried on nobly its tireless work. The cold-appearing "gym" was transformed into a room of hearts, for it was a party dedicated to St. Valentine. Clusters of hearts, here, there, and everywhere, embellished the "gym," while streamers enhancing the beauty of the scene, were gracefully draped across the room until a complete metamorphosis seemed to have taken place. Although the cost of trimmings was rather large, nevertheless a substantial sum was added to the treasury to prepare for the greater events of the Junior and Senior years.

Support in athletic fields has not lacked either year. The Sophomore boys and girls supported them both physically and morally.

The end of their Sophomore year is fast approaching. Soon they will be for the most part invested with the magic title Junior, and in that position to enter upon broader fields of activity and learning.

Three cheers for the JUNIORS of *next* Year!!!

WILLIAM NICKERSON SMALL.

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JOHN SCHERECHESKY
President

GRACE PIPER
Vice-President

ROBERT SPERRY
Secretary

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We, the Class of 1928, dislike to make any statement about ourselves. But we know we are about the best thing that has ever happened to Belmont High School. And we intend to remain so if the powers that be don't drop some of the present class of Sophomores back into our midst. The effect would be very noticeable, for it would spoil what otherwise is a real class.

We haven't, of course, accomplished much so far for the time has been short since we first got together. But our class has been represented on Belmont's football, baseball, hockey, and basketball teams, which is a good start for Freshmen.

The class is now organized under the leadership of capable officers including John Scherechewsky as President, so by the time that the fall rolls around, Belmont High will know there is such a class as 1928 ready to do its bit in athletics and take its place in the social activities of the school.

Our Freshman year has furnished food for pleasant memories and brought about happy associations not only in our own class but with those higher up. Let us hope that we shall always uphold the fair fame of Belmont High and at the same time prepare ourselves for "the day's work" which will follow our happy years of youth and school.

ROBERT MCGOWAN, '28

Belmont High School

You are the moon of my love sky,
Where a thousand or more stars lay,
You're the only pal that I can love
Though thousands may pass my way;
You're the only isle in my sea of friends,
Though vast the sands may be;
You're the one my love clings to
Though thousands are in my sea.
You're the only light that shines in my dark
Though lamps about me may be.
You're the only one that comforts and soothes,
You are all the world to me;
You're my dearest thought in every walk
Whether I laugh or cry,
And always first in my life you'll be
Though thousands may go by.

ANON., '25.



Why?

Sometimes it is a tune, sometimes the sound of a brook on its head-long glide down a hill into a valley, then again it may be the odor of pine trees, or the soft fragrance of fallen rose-petals; but whatever the tiny memory wisp may be, you will very often find that it has been associated, even though sub-consciously, with some one you have known or met.

There is a particular kind of a little, twisted, tired smile which I always associate with a man I once met. The incident which this calls to mind is one of the most vivid I have ever experienced, and, without doubt, the most haunting. The man, I never saw again after that evening.

The chap was an enigma! A Scotchman, he was, and as perfect a specimen of virile manhood as one could wish to see. We called him "Mac." He was impassive of feature—even stolid—with just a faint touch of cynicism mingling with his indifference. He seldom spoke, and then only in monosyllables. His attitude was enough to repel the friendliest—one could not very well ignore that barrier of reserve.

There were several of us before the fire that evening; we talked of "shoes and ships and sealing wax," and made merry but "Mac" never ventured a word. The logs crumbled into a bed of molten, red-gold embers; the conversation dwindled—lagged. I don't know where my train of thought was leading me; and I can't imagine what made me think of the thing, but suddenly I blurted out, "Do any of you remember that poem 'The Cremation—of—er—oh—what's his name?'" No one vouchsafed a reply. After a moment "Mac" put down his pipe. "Oh—Robert Service?—of course," he said—and paused.

Then, somehow, I never did know quite how it came about, that quiet Scot began to recite. He quoted poem after poem, from "The Spell of the Yukon" and the "Rhymes of a Red-Cross Man;" he quoted Sir Walter Scott and things of Burns that I never knew existed; he recited verse after

verse from Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads." He knew several of Alfred Noyes' and after these he went back again to Robert Service. He held us fascinated, spellbound, for—I don't know whether it was minutes or hours! We laughed uproariously one moment over a Barrack Room Ballad which he recited with a perfectly delicious Cockney accent; we were painfully near to tears in the next moment, over a little poem about a war-dog. "Mac" stopped short just after this last poem, and said, slowly, "You know, I suppose, that one by Major John MacCrae?"

In the hush that followed he began in a strained voice that grew lower and lower as he went on—

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing—fly—"

He halted abruptly, leaned over to pick up his pipe, rose and went towards the door. At the threshold he paused, his face looking drawn and white and ghastly in the flickering shadows, but smiled, a little, twisted, tired smile. Then—"I hope to God you may never forget it!" he said, and turning, went out into the night.

EDNA BAILEY



Vacation Fallacies

Have your summer plans ever failed to materialize? My eyes grow dim when the thought occurs to me. For one long year I hoarded my hard-won wages with a fond hope before me. That worthy ambition culminated in the purchase of a coupe of a popular (nay,—world famous) make. Then began my plans for a vacation. For weeks, as I practised driving, I laid out a campaign for the summer with unflagging enthusiasm. But what can be more temperamental than one of those cars, the popularity of which can be lessened by no amount of slander.

The first intimation of impending disaster was the sudden enthusiasm (concerning a certain military summer camp), of the friend who was to be comrade of my joy or despair. Imagine the disfavor with which I looked upon his inspiration. The trip without him would be like unto walking without legs, for he was to be the mainstay of the tour; the man who understood the internal (or infernal) animation of my car. But no! A sudden callous desire for martial discipline placed him decidedly out of the running.

Even that crushing blow was flung from my rapidly weakening

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shoulders! I would make the trip with one unversed in automobile machinations but, alas, I reckoned not with the natural perversity of all Fords. My pet developed severe spinal trouble, beginning (as the pompous gentleman in greasy overalls assured me) in some organ known as the "differential" and spreading East and West through several indefinable somethings termed respectively "ring-gears," "pinion-rings" and "brake shoes." The disease apparently had its crisis in the "universal joint" (whatever that is).

Better men than I have been discouraged by such disasters. Thoroughly disgusted, I was willing to place the car in some appropriate home for the aged. Troubles became chronic; I became anemic from supporting the garage owners. After such trifling details as new "connecting-rods," "piston-rings," etc., I repaired to my study (the well known barn) to concentrate on my failings. The thought occurred to me that the mechanics were playing upon my credulity, so I resolved that the entire clan were criminal and were to be treated as such; hence, they were ignored. (Experience having since taught me to perform such repairs as are necessary, I am convinced of the veracity of my resolution.)

My original intention had been to make a tour (not necessarily prescribed by Mr. Cook) through several of our States,—in short, to "See America First." But America, apparently, had no very ardent desire to see me, for Fate appeared to be setting her gigantic hand against my face and administering a gentle backward shove. July, son of June and sire to August, passed swiftly, and autumn, beautiful to some but bleak to me, was close at hand, so I must needs put aside futile hopes for a pleasant vacation.

It has been rumored that time, tides and trains wait for no man; even so was it in my case. But a few short days away, school, in large gleaming capitals, was staring me in the face. Consequently, the sole result of spring-time's youthful fancies was a flying trip to New York and Philadelphia (*on a train*).

EVERETT L. COPELAND.



The Eclipse

On January 24, 1925, one of the greatest dramas ever presented to man by the celestial players was enacted before the eyes of skeptical old New England, in honor most likely, of the coming graduation of the immortal Class of '25. Not since the era of Columbus has our section of the country been favored with this glorious spectacle, for, to be exact, it is

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over four centuries ere our friend Sol felt the necessity of hiding his face in the shelter of the embracing moon.

The audience gathered here on earth was the largest ever known, for it included not only fretful professors, brawny laborers, capering youngsters, and sage octogenarians, but also cowering animals, who slunk up to human beings for comfort. This motley assembly, who peered through all sorts of nondescript glasses, apparently were to witness a silent drama, for the wind had long since ceased its discordant music.

With the rising of the curtain at eight o'clock, the villain, impersonated by a cloud bank, precipitated himself in the sapphire east. He was robed in the daintiest of silver, which was interwoven with the rosy tints of dawn, so that we, who could not see beneath his nocturnal scene of moonlit brilliance, as over the white snow packed ground, impish red shadows chased one another in shadowy lines, an irrelevant May-pole dance in January. The play closed with the presentation of the glistening diamonds, more materially called Bailey's beads, to the beautiful Luna, the curtain next fell, as the two parted, destined not to meet here for another century.

LEROY REDFALD.

[The event which is described in the following paragraphs actually took place. It was on one of those occasions when Mr. Murphy seemed to be concentrating the whole heating system on one room, and the author, in an endeavor to adjust conditions, sought to open some of the windows. One sash appeared to be out of working order, for in spite of the youth's efforts the window failed to budge. Much to his embarrassment, another chap arose and, after unfastening the lock, gently opened the window. The embarrassed youth handed in this story the next day.]

EDITOR'S NOTE

HOW I, THE IMPERTURBABLE I, WAS MADE TO FEEL LIKE THE PROVERBIAL PLUGGED NICKEL

I looked up from my work with the realization that I, and possibly less important students in 307, was insufferably warm.

Now, not being a man of the type that would just sit still bewailing in accents melancholy my unjust and cruel fate, I, with my characteristic firmness of purpose, cast about for a method of ridding myself of my dilemma. Instantly to my super-sensitive intellect came the plan,—of opening the window immediately behind me to let the gentle December zephyrs play on my fevered brow. (Between you, me, and the lamp post those last few phrases would be valued at two cents a word by any reputable magazine. But that is aside from the story which I must finish.) I immediately perceived the inevitable fly in the ointment. Upon arising to attack this stupendous task of opening the window, 50 pairs of

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eyes would turn upon me and, I assure you, to one of my modest and retiring disposition, that is a most trying ordeal. I hesitated but was not lost for I, the veteran of many trips to the dictionary in front of this self-same group, recalled to mind "When duty whispers low 'Thou must,' The youth replies, 'I can.'" My duty clearly was to relieve these suffering swelterers. So, never the one to shirk a duty no matter how great the sacrifice, with renewed courage, unflinchingly, I arose and, to appear at ease, sauntered debonairly to the window.

The rush of cool December air was most gratifying and I, with my usual greatness of heart, resolved to share the exquisite pleasure with the others, even to the uttermost recesses of the room. To accomplish this benevolent act I headed for the next window. I approached, I seized the brass handles firmly, preparatory to opening it. I pulled. No results. I pulled a trifle harder. The same result as before, only more so. Deciding "Something was rotten in Denmark," I tugged. I strained. I performed convolutions and contortions most awe-inspiring to behold, but it availed me not.

I stood off and surveyed the object which had dared defy me, the great product of modern civilization, which had dared to defy the brawn and intelligence of a super-man, under the vision of 50 ever-ready-to-jeer and heartless scholars.

As I gazed in awe at this exhibition of colossal impudence, a fellow-student arose, suggested that the window might be locked—cursed irony of a cursed man, may his tribe decrease—and took immediate steps to right the matter.

I know not how I regained my seat, I, who had hoped to relieve the suffering of half a hundred melting humans, refer you to Miss "X" as to whether I crawled, slunk or walked back. I know not, because my mind was filled with the fact that the imperturbable I, had been perturbed.

[Author's Note: "Upon reading the above manuscript I notice the frequent appearance of the pronoun I, but I am sure my readers will not mind, as I can assure you, with all due modesty, I am a most interesting person."]



"Too Much Map"

"I'm sick of this," bellowed Spike, flinging the half-finished map of North America across the room. "A few more of these and I'll be convinced that all rivers are tributaries of the 'Father of Waters,' and that all lakes are puddles of ink." The irate Senior muttered a few imprecations on "maps in general;" heaped on top of these several curses for vari-

colored maps-of-the-United-States-in-particular,—then, carefully, and even affectionately, he rescued his work of art and went to bed.

An hour or so later, Spike found himself as far west as Ohio jogging steadily along through an all-green country, a country so everlastingly green that it played havoc with his optics. The traveller stopped now and then to readjust the speedometer on his seven-league dream boots, according to traffic regulations in each state. The speed limits were posted on black-banners upon which were scrawled a skull and cross-bones and the heading, "Assignment." The green pastoral atmosphere of the loyal States began to wear on Spike's nerves, so he passed under the "Mason-Dixon Line" (which was propped up by a clothes pole) and continued his plodding along the pink, very pink States. Looking back over his shoulder, he could see General Sherman marching from Atlanta to the sea, and faintly, over the bright-hued squares, came the sound of the fife and drum corps playing "Marching Through Georgia."

Many miles were covered in comparatively good time, until his feet became blistered by the warm shade under foot, then for relief he turned a little north-west and cooled his pedal extremities on the cool blue surface of the Middle Western States.

When the Rocky Mountains loomed on the horizon, Spike felt his first genuine qualm. How was he to clamber over those beastly protuberances? The question made him pause, so he seated himself on a small range (fortunately, the cold and not the hot variety) to ponder over the situation.

"Eureka!" shouts Spike, "I have solved it!" So saying, he drew from his pocket a precious bit of ink eraser and began to obliterate the Sierra Nevadas. This same scintillating habit of mental calisthenics helped him past the Great Salt Lake; he just produced a blotter, absorbed the briny depths, and continued on his way.

When at last the weary, foot-sore hiker reached the coast, he unlatched the Golden Gate and dabbled his feet in the Pacific. Then being tired, forlorn and altogether miserable, he sat down in the bay of Monterey and watched porpoises, and little blue blots, turn cart-wheels in the depths. The tears came to his eyes—he wept fluently and bitterly. How he longed for his mama! —————

It must have been a premonition of evil, for next day Spike received a D— on the cause of all the trouble! —————

EDNA BAILEY.

Student's Progress

Once a certain girl in a Belmont home sat at her table working. Suddenly she slept. Then an angel appeared to this maid and said, "Thou must gain an A standing next month or thou perishest." With this graceful prophecy ringing in her ears the maid awoke and, shuddering, grasped her Burke and read that she might be saved.

The next day she told of her vision, but was scoffed at by maid and lad alike. She exhorted them to be prudent and do likewise, that they too might be saved, but they heeded not. Promptly at two-ten the next day she left the school. Her chums grasped at her to prevent her leaving and whispered of brain fever, for formerly she had been last to leave the school.

She set out bravely for the City of Knowledge; but, alas, while pursuing the Union forces through the South, she suddenly found herself in a bog. The more she tried to extricate herself, the more she became submerged. 1862—or 1864? Chicamauga or Chancellorsville? McClellan or Halleck? Great Heavens, how should she get out of this place?

Despite her trials she struggled on. Each weekly A was viewed by her with palpitation and hope; by her parents, with wondering pride and amazement. Towards June she came in view of the city. Pausing on her way up the Mountain of Exams. she stopped and wiped her fevered brow.

"'Tis well to rest on the summit," thought she wearily, "but, ah, would that my friends were here too! Could I but speak to the young wayfarers who must also seek the City of Knowledge, I would say: "Wise is the one who worketh diligently all his years, for he who waiteth till his late years to climb the hill, he shall be oppressed and weighed down by his toils."

With a final glance at the course she had taken she turned and entered the gate of the city and was seen no more on the Highways of Knowledge.

MAE ELLIS

The incentive of the ages has appeared before us. He has made us work harder than ever before. He has forced us to go to the public library to discover what animal is fur-bearing and weasel-like or what a six-legged tripod is. His prodding ways have brought us into the realms of science, literature, art, and music, thereby increasing our vocabulary and our general knowledge of higher things. Most things have their bad points. His only fault is that he sometimes withholds the inveigled person from those things that are of greater importance in life. What is this incentive? Who is "he?" The man, for those who are poor guessers, is the well known, unconquerable pugilist, Mr. C. W. Puzzle.

PAUL WHITNEY

The Printing of a Newspaper

The experiences herein described were due directly to my membership in a class of journalism where I made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Doyle of the Boston Post. One pleasant result of this acquaintance was my visit to the Post plant during the period of action.

On that memorable evening, the first of a series of pleasant incidents was an introduction to Mr. LeRoy Atkinson, star reporter of the Post staff. Mr. Atkinson, who has been affiliated with this paper for twenty years, indulged my interest with several of his rich experiences during those years. The most interesting of these anecdotes and, according to Mr. Atkinson, the greatest moment of his life, took place at the time of the late Mr. Harding's death. The story as it was related to me, is as follows: In August of 1923 when President Harding was ill at San Francisco, Mr. Atkinson, together with representatives of several metropolitan newspapers, was at Ludlow, Vermont, twelve miles from the Coolidge farm. A telephone message from his home office apprised Mr. Atkinson of President Harding's death. Immediately he set forth with his colleagues to make by machine the trip to Plymouth. Upon arrival at the Coolidge home the reporters found that, although it was past midnight, the family had not retired; therefore they were able to gain admittance. As Mr. Coolidge descended to meet the visiting reporters, a look of greater solemnity than usual lay upon that habitually solemn face, as if he had surmised the reason for the midnight visit. As our present executive entered the room, Mr. Atkinson stepped forward, shook his hand, addressed him as "President" Coolidge, and informed him of Mr. Harding's death and of his subsequent position as President of the United States. Small wonder that Mr. Atkinson speaks of the incident as the greatest moment of his life.

After this interview I entered the City Room. As a point of interest, aside from the mechanical, nothing in my visit equalled this room. I had frequently heard that the slogan of newspapermen is "Fight the clock" but I never fully realized until this moment the true significance of the phrase. Everyone in this room, which, by the way, is the department where the reporters' typewriters are located, was in a state of intense absorption and bustle. After watching the hurrying reporters for a few moments I came to the conclusion that the life of a reporter is, without doubt, the most fascinating and the most active in the world.

It is in this City Room that a casual observer sees the heart of the world, for the life-blood of a newspaper is really the life-blood of the uni-

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verse. When one stops to consider how readers all over the surface of the globe depend upon the daily sheet, for everything from the subsequent day's weather forecast to accounts of activities of international import, it is easy to see that a cessation of newspapers would be a body blow to millions of people. Lack of newspapers would probably restrict our knowledge of the world to mere rumor; but with them one can absorb presidential campaigns or comic strips with one's breakfast.

After leaving the City Room I began an exploration of the mechanical aspect of the process. As the magnitude of the operations unfolded before me, I came more and more to realize what effort is necessary to produce what nine out of ten people consider a matter of fact. The gigantic proportions of the plant overwhelmed me so completely that, forever, I shall carry an impression of what I saw; an impression vague, perhaps, in minor detail but perfectly clear as to the scale upon which a publisher operates.

At the beginning of my tour I thought that everything was in a jumble, but lucid explanations gradually reduced chaos to order in my whirling brain, so that at 12:40 A.M. when the presses were "buttoned," the varied operations had become chronologically arranged in my head. From the moment a story entered the office until the great presses began to roar, I had a perfectly clear conception of the preparation.

One of the noticeable facts in the business is that absolutely nothing is lost. The "graveyard," technical (or vernacular) term for the newspaper library, proved a source of great interest. Similar, with the possible exception of Bertillon measurements, to the "rogues' galleries" of detective fiction fame, this library contained a record of every photo and story printed in the paper since its beginning. These records are catalogued in a card file so that at a moment's notice the past data for a story may be found.

I returned to the City Room, after my wanderings, only to find it deserted, so concluding that the evening's activities were over, I thanked the city editor for his courtesy and departed, bearing memories that will never leave me.

EVERETT L. COPELAND



Dr. Samuel Johnson as a Fisherman

It is said that Dr. Johnson had nothing of the bear but his skin. Neither had he any love for fishing, except that of catching his friends in some of his arguments. Let us imagine before us a small brook flowing slowly, emitting perhaps a few gurgles. Perched on a rock, with his legs

dangling, Dr. Johnson sits holding a long fishing rod. Suddenly his deep voice sounds over the meadows, while his free hand makes strange motions as if he were arguing.

Meanwhile, a big trout has been tempted by the bait, now bobbing violently. When about to bite, he becomes aware of the strange sounds and shadows coming from above. Says he, "This is no place for a fish;" so off he goes. However, the would-be fisherman has now lost all interest in fish; for he is now at the height of his argument. He has even dropped the pole in the excitement. But how could fishing ever interest Dr. Samuel Johnson when there is to be a meeting of the literary club in the evening?



How Shakespeare Would Have Handled Them

Crossword puzzles are modern inventions, the product of modern methods; but let us turn back the pages of time and imagine how Shakespeare might have treated them.

We see him bending, earnestly studying an intriguing puzzle, working rapidly, seemingly solving it with a minimum of effort. But wait—ah—he encounters an unsurmountable barrier; he can go no further. He bends lower, concentrates more intently and murmurs, "To solve or not to solve, that is the question." Still the impudent barrier hinders his progress. He can find no way around; to go over or under is impossible. What can he do? He is desperate. He beats his breast and cries, "A word, a word, my kingdom for a nine-letter word meaning canned fish." He calls, "Friends, neighbors, relatives, lend me your dictionaries," and upon receiving them, pores over them, grumbling all the while, "This is the unkindest word of all. Ah! my wits begin to turn! I see something is rotten in my first line horizontal."

The barriers have faded; Shakespeare is happy again; the words drop as a gentle rain, from his pen. The puzzle is finished.

OLGA NELSON



The Fiddlin' Blacksmith

With the coming of the horseless carriage, the old blacksmith shops have slowly ceased to hold their undisputed position of importance until, today, the cheery clang of the hammer on the anvil, the glowing forge, the sweating blacksmith and patient horses have become rare indeed. Townships in greater-Boston seldom boast of more than one such shop, but in Belmont there still remain two.

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Is there a person in town who does not know, at least by sight, the man who still wields his mighty hammer and lively tongue in that old building bearing over the door the sign, "Timothy Chevie, Blacksmith?"

It has been the custom of homeward bound schoolboys of all ages from 7 to 17 occasionally to drop in on this veritable Thor and engage him in conversation. Usually he decries the times, ostracises baseball and such activities, but as I was soon to find out, there is a finer heart under his rough exterior than one would suppose.

It happened that two friends and myself had dropped in on this devotee of Vulcan in the hope of spending a few interesting moments with him. It also happened that one of my friends carried under his arm a rather valuable violin.

As we entered the huge door, we saw the smithy busily raining sparks about his feet from terrific blows upon a broken link. He saw our shadows, looked up to bid us welcome, and had half turned to his work again when he noticed the case under my friend's arm. "What have ye there?" he asked, and advancing, relieved the owner of his violin. With trepidation he saw the huge hands open the case, remove the instrument and fondly examine it. "'Tis a valuable fiddle ye've got here," he said, "how old is it?" "About a hundred and fifty years," came the reply.

We could see that a long untouched chord had been struck, for having feasted his eyes on the instrument, he slowly raised it to his chin, ran the bow over the strings to be sure that it was in tune, and then slowly, at first, but gradually assuming a faster tempo, those huge and calloused fingers picked out an old Scotch air. It took him but a few moments to hit his stride; then those old familiar Scotch melodies flew from his bow as if by magic.

For a full half hour his memory furnished tunes for his fingers to turn into realities. The link on the anvil grew duller and duller until the red had quite disappeared. The forge fire grew less bright until nothing but a few dull spots were left to glow through the cinders. The sun, gleaming through the dusty window, kept up a steady march across the floor; the tongs and hammers lay silent where they had been dropped.

On being questioned the spell was broken and the instrument was carefully, oh so carefully, placed in its case. Then it was that we learned between strokes of the hammer, that it was when he had been "serving his time" he had "picked up" the violin. While working on a ship carrying horses and cattle in the Northumberland Straits, he had practiced arduously. Prince Henry Island had also seen his "fiddlings," he said, and then he launched into a succession of stories—stories of the type that usually pervaded the place.

DAVID OAKES

Belmont High School



JOHN H. FOSTER
President

HAROLD T. BURNS
Secretary

FRANKLIN WAIDE
Vice-President

WAYNE AUSTIN
Treasurer

Debating Society



The Belmont High School Debating Society, which was organized in May, 1924, holds its meetings bi-monthly in the High School Library with Mr. John H. Foster in the chair and Mr. Harold T. Burns as clerk. The Messrs. Franklin Waide and Wayne Austin serve as Vice-President and Treasurer respectively, while Miss Gertrude Miller, assisted by Mr. Albert Thompson, do admirable work as Faculty Advisors.

During the course of the scholastic year, the Society has discussed many current issues, including Child Labor, League of Nations, Japanese Immigration, Muscle Shoals and the Awarding of Letters for Scholarships.

In addition to these debates the Society has had the privilege of listening to talks by the following distinguished guests: Mr. Parsons, a prominent Boston attorney; Mr. Ray Buker, the Olympic runner; Dr. Henry Hawkins of Boston; Mr. Stanley Oldham, Secretary of the Massachusetts Teachers' Federation; Representative Joseph Earl Perry, who presented the club with a splendid gavel; and Mr. Roland Boyden, our only United States Representative on the Reparations Commission and the President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

This society selected, at its first meeting, the Messrs. Philip Hawkes, Douglas Morris and Harold T. Burns as a Press Committee. This group was the nucleus of the Press Club which published the High School Notes in the local paper.

Throughout the year this organization has endeavored to make the society worthy of its founders, especially the Messrs. Arthur Swanson and Francis Meade. Although many of the members are Seniors, there are a large number of under-class men who intend to carry on the good work.

HAROLD T. BURNS, Secretary

Belmont High School



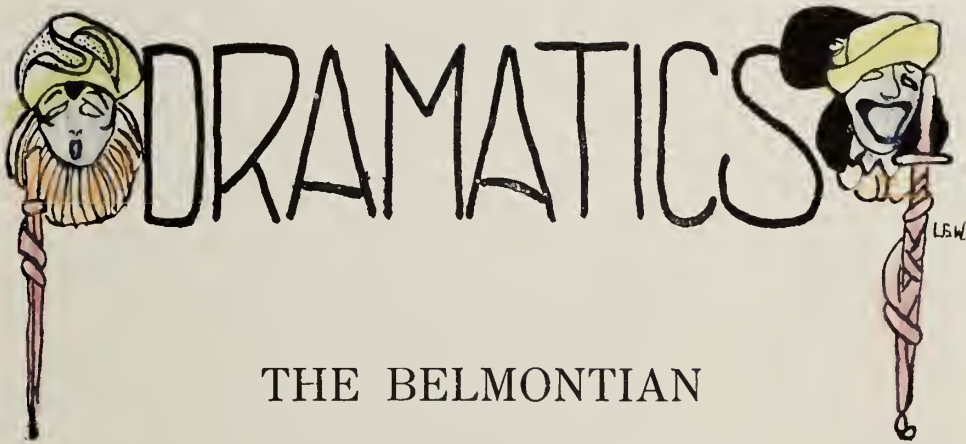
MARTHA HANF
Secretary



AUBIGNE LERMOND
President



REBECCA HOOKER
Treasurer



THE BELMONTIAN

For many years the girls of Belmont High have petitioned for some activity that would serve as a link between the Alumnae and student body. But the passing years brought no solution until this October, when several enterprising young women voiced the sentiment of their classmates and predecessors; as a result the "Belmontian" was organized.

The officers of the club are: President, Aubigne Lermond; Vice-President, Jane Sherman; Secretary, Martha Hanf; Treasurer, Rebecca Hooker.

THE PURPOSE OF THE BELMONTIANS

Oh, Belmontians! Dear Belmontians,
Strive for Belmont High.
In the Glee Club, in dramatics
Keep her standards high

Oh, Belmontians! Dear Belmontians,
May we worthy be
Of all the friendships made by
You and me.

So far the club has given four public meetings with mothers of the members as guests. The success of these meetings has been unquestionable. Each was a finished program. The initial meeting comprised delightful piano solos by Miss Helen Burke and a clever presentation by five members of the "Florist Shop." One feature of these meetings is the return of the Alumnae; thus at the second meeting Miss Doris Hilton rendered vocal selections and Miss Josephine Libby gave a talk on Interior Decorating. "Joint Owners in Spain" was presented at the next gathering by the members. At another meeting Mrs. Tuttle, the violinist, and Mrs. Lewis Johnson were present. The latter spoke in an especially memorable way on "Woman and her Hobbies." Mrs. Tuttle's solos proved delightful.

In the future, may the Class of '25 proclaim with gratification, "We are its charter members."

CATHERINE R. CONWAY

Belmont High School

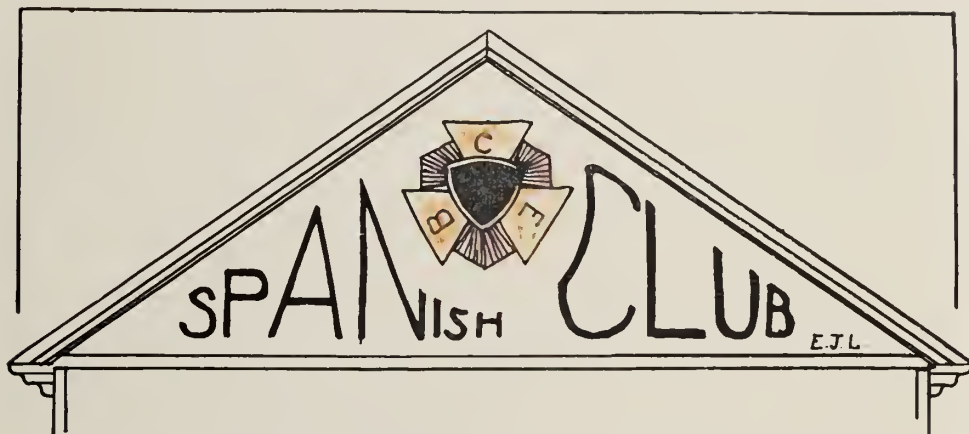


JOSEPH E. ROCKETT
President

DOROTHY JONES
Secretary

MARIAN WHITING
Vice-President
NELSON BARTSCH
Treasurer

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In 1918 the Belmont High School Circulo Espanol was founded, and since that time the Circulo has grown until it is now the foremost club in the school. The high scholarship requirement for membership was removed in 1923, and any pupil of a Spanish class was eligible; but since the organization became too large to allow equal opportunities for service to all, it was decided this year to adhere to the original plan of a scholarship in Spanish. In order to have the Club pin embellish one's lapel, one has always had to receive an average of 85% in first year Spanish or successfully pass the second year course.

The Circulo has accomplished much this year. One of the many improvements about the Club room is a new bulletin board that was designed by Mr. Olson, of the manual training department, and completed by the dextrous Sr. Don Miguel Egan. This bulletin is three feet high and two feet wide. At the top there is an eight inch replica of the pin, hand-carved and painted in the exact colors. The walls of the Club room were recently retrimmed with the red and yellow, and taking all into consideration we have a perfect place for our meetings as well as for our after-school social gatherings. In addition to the merchant marine flag of Spain, which was added to the room during 1923, we have this year a national flag of Spain, which is hung in the corridor across from the new bulletin board on the days of all regular meetings or of special events.

In accordance with the custom established last year, the regular Bronze Medal for scholarship in advanced Spanish will be given on Graduation Night. Last June the medal was awarded for second year work to Miss Doris Fellows, and for third year work to Miss Lois Henderson, both members of the Senior Class. The outlook is far different this year, however, since there is a great probability of the medal being awarded to some member of the lower classes.

JOSEPH E. ROCKETT, President.



This is the CHAMELEON's initial attempt at devoting a department to the graduates of Belmont High. These alumni are to be found spread not only over the United States, but in all quarters of the globe, engaged in myriad phases of the world's advancement. In establishing the precedent of bringing to the attention of CHAMELEON readers a few facts about these graduates and in many cases, personal letters, it is the hope of the Staff of '25 that succeeding classes will institute this department as a permanent feature.

CHARLES N. CROUSE, Alumni Editor.

EDITH SEYMOUR

After Edith Seymour's graduation from Belmont in 1913, she attended Simmons for two years. Then she went to Ohio to Mann University. Following that, to the present time she has spent in Madison, Wisconsin, where she has done government work and pathology. Here, too, she took her Master's Degree in Science. Four years ago she married, returning to Belmont last summer as Mrs. Frederick L. Jones. In spite of the fact that her duties increased manifoldly and that she is the mother of two darling little children, she continued at college her studies along botanical lines. She has been humorously called a "plant doctor."

Because of her great interest and ability in this line, Mrs. Jones, or Edith Seymour, as she is to Belmont, has worked out several problems of botany and these have been published. Now she is doing even more in the line of research and hopes to be able to accomplish much in this way.

EDITH STEADMAN

What bond in years to come will render two comparative strangers topic for enthusiastic conversation and a mutual feeling of alliance? The answer is simple—Belmont High. Here, however wide our paths, we cannot help but feel united on a common ground. I felt this when, as a member of the CHAMELEON Staff, I was sent to interview Miss Edith Steadman. Together, we found pleasure in the comparison of the old and new Belmont.

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Miss Edith Steadman was a Belmont graduate in 1905. Five years later she took her degree at Radcliffe. From 1910 to 1911 she did medical service work in the Massachusetts General Hospital. The next four years were spent in service for women at the Massachusetts Reformatory. The World War found her in France with the Y. M. C. A. from 1917 to 1919. From that time until the present, China has been the field of her labor.

At the word pioneer, our mind immediately visualizes a rough man of the frontier, gun in hand, bravely wending his progress into the wilderness against the Indians. Yet, how many people today are pioneers in the true sense of the word, as they blaze broad highways of knowledge in the thickets of ignorance. Miss Steadman truly follows the pioneer spirit by her great work. China has never ranked high in the advance of civilization. Americans with their missions have done much to tear away the curtain and bring enlightenment to the common masses.

The children, innocent sufferers in an unheeding country, have received first attention. Some time ago, clinics were established. Chinese mothers brought their babes there and seeing the proper way to care for the children, were told to go home and do likewise. A present hospital with a staff of native Chinese nurses shows the rapid strides of the Mission. Every nurse has completed two years at the American High School before training; soon the requirements will be raised to four years. The Chinese are very studious. Examinations are as eagerly received there, as unexpected holidays are here.

From Miss Steadman's book of snapshots peeps a tiny figure. Two wistful almond eyes peer back at the observer. "These tots are so lovable," said Miss Steadman, "one becomes strongly attached to them."

The little town in which the school is located reeks of the medieval. A wall surrounds it. Quaint pagodas dot the country around. Woe betide the loiterer who finds himself outside the gate after hours; he must beg admission from the exterior.

In closing, Miss Steadman said, "Much as has been done, still more can be done. It is an interesting and fruitful work." Because, I hope, she felt the girls of Belmont today are true in spirit as her classmates she added: "When the girls have finished their education and gained general experience, tell them to come out; we have much work for them."

AUSTEN SECOR

That graduates of Belmont are successful at home or abroad, is readily shown by Austen Secor, who completed his four years at this school in 1919.

After spending one year at Northeastern he entered the silk business; however, this did not appeal to him so he secured a position with the Dewey and Elmy Chemical Company, who, realizing his ability, sent him

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to Oakland, California, as a salesman. He has been in this city now for over a year, with the result, that he has entered into the activities of that metropolis with enthusiasm. Those boasting a trans-continental radio set, may have heard his rich baritone voice harmonizing in a quartette that broadcasts regularly.

Recently he has received an offer to come back to Boston but only to use the Hub as a stepping stone to higher attainments in the commercial fields of Europe.

CHARLES ROONEY

In 1904 Charles Rooney graduated from Belmont High where he had prepared himself for further study at M. I. T. Upon receiving his degree he immediately went West to become affiliated with the Potash Reducing Co., of Hoffland Neb., where he holds a most prominent position.

HELEN ROBBINS

Many of our Belmont graduates reflect no little degree of glory on their school. This is especially true of Miss Helen Robbins who graduated from Belmont in 1917. From here she entered Vassar, receiving her degree in 1921. The following year was spent at Simmons. Between her work at these colleges Miss Robbins gained the broadening influence of a summer spent abroad.

Upon her return she turned her attention to the work of librarian. She first spent some time in the Frick Art Library in New York. At present she is associated with the Murquand Art Library at Princeton University.

Besides her regular work of librarian, in filing and cataloguing books on art, Miss Robbins does extensive research work with the graduate pupils in art and archaeology.

EMILY HUNT

Emily Hunt graduated from Belmont in 1907. She received her A.B. at Radcliffe in 1915. Following this she taught at the Cambridge School for Girls. She took her A.M. at Radcliffe in 1916.

In 1918, during the war, she went to Washington, where she did Chemical Warfare Service. Her work was chiefly concerned with gas masks. All that could be learned about them, both abroad and at home, was sent to the Bureau at Washington and Miss Hunt had charge of the technicalities and filing of these reports. Had Miss Hunt been a man, the nature and value of her work would have earned her the title of Lieutenant in the army. During the entire war she continued at Washington. Following this, Miss Hunt served as assistant to Doctor Harold Ernst, Bacteri-

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ologist. Her work in hospitals had given her some inclination towards medical work, so she then went to the University of Syracuse Medical School at New York, where she is at present. She will graduate in June, receiving her M.D. Along with her studies she has done some teaching of chemistry at the University.

She is a Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha Omega Alpha and belongs to other scientific societies equal to these in honor. Next year she will return to Syracuse to teach and do research work in the Medical School there.

Of her, an old professor said, "She has the finest mind of any student that I have ever had under my charge."

The Alumni Department wishes to express its appreciation of the friendly interest demonstrated by the spirit in which several Belmont graduates have tendered contributions. Noticeable among the letters received from former students who have matriculated at Eastern Universities was one from Mr. Herman Wight, alumnus of '23, containing several choice gleanings; one of which we quote:

"The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could ever add."

EMERSON'S ESSAY, "History."

A LETTER FROM M. I. T.

In writing a word for the year book, I am at once led to express my interest in the past three volumes and the hope that future efforts will meet with ever increasing success. Since my last four years at Technology could hardly be of interest to the readers, I should like to take this opportunity to broadcast to parents and students of Belmont High one thought which has been brought to my attention many times in the last few years.

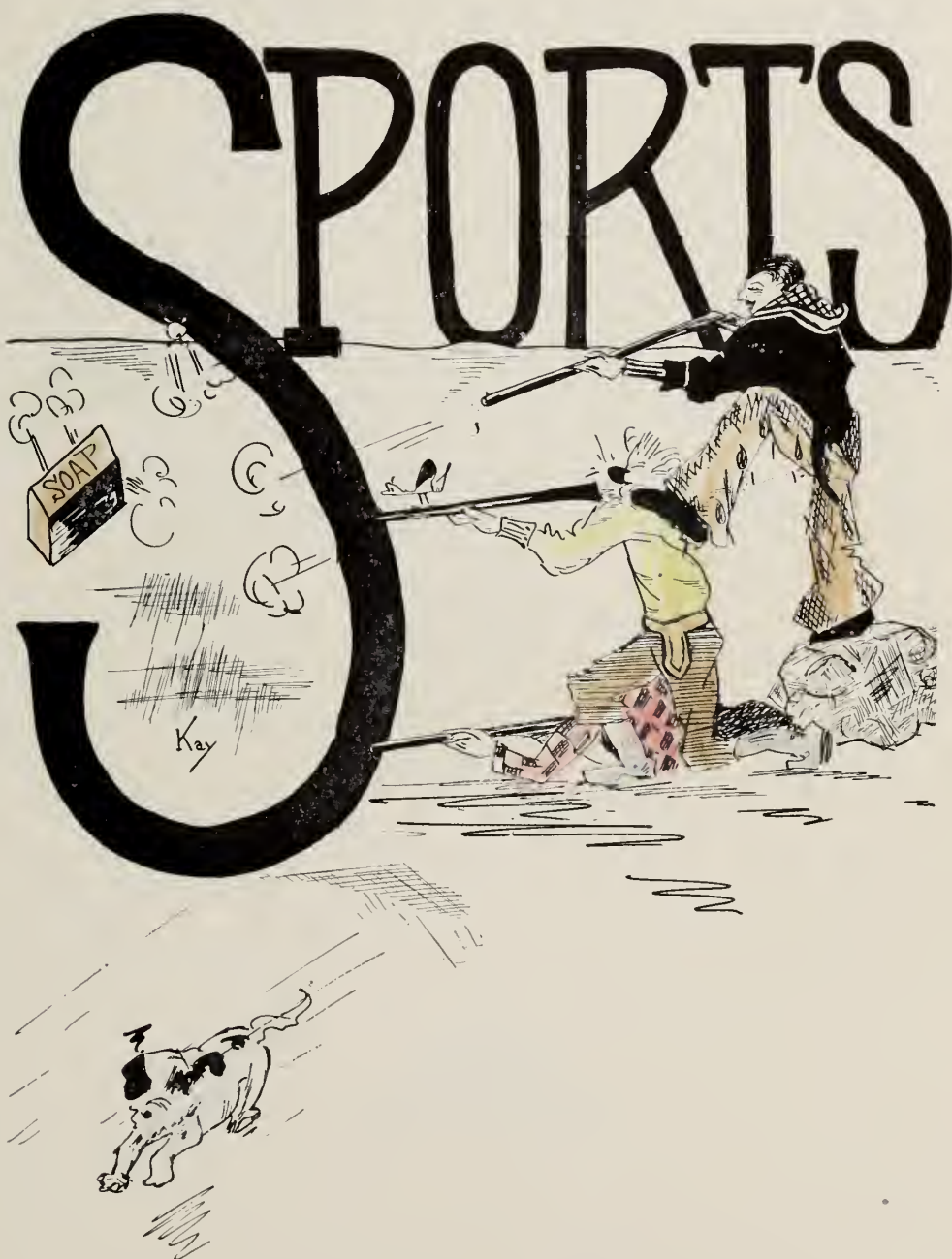
Occasionally, I have heard parents and pupils of Belmont making disparaging remarks about the educational qualifications of our school. This is a practice which ought to be emphatically condemned; as it is, in the first place, not justified, and is, moreover, injurious in its effects on the students. There is hardly anyone, I suppose, who needs to be told that a student at any institution of learning gets out of his work approximately what he puts into it. And yet it is so easy, when we fall down on a college entrance exam or fail some course at school, to blame the school. But is this fair? I have heard the parents of some sweet young society bud who could not get into college because she would not, plead

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the excuse that the school was not good enough. If I may be permitted to use a personal example, when I entered Tech, I was in a group that represented largely the greatest private schools and academies of the country, but I never had occasion to find Belmont High School training the slightest handicap. On the contrary, I have found it to compare favorably with any of them. More examples are unnecessary, as there are many graduates whom I have found to echo these sentiments. It is our earnest opinion that Belmont High can give to anyone who is willing to work for it, the educational training necessary to enter any of the colleges of our country. Realizing this, I only wish to plead that it is our duty, when we hear such unjust criticisms, to defend the honor of our school.

CLARENCE THULIN





Play Ball!

A thrilling game! A fighting game!
A game of brains and brawn:
Eleven struggling huskies strive
To push the ball along.

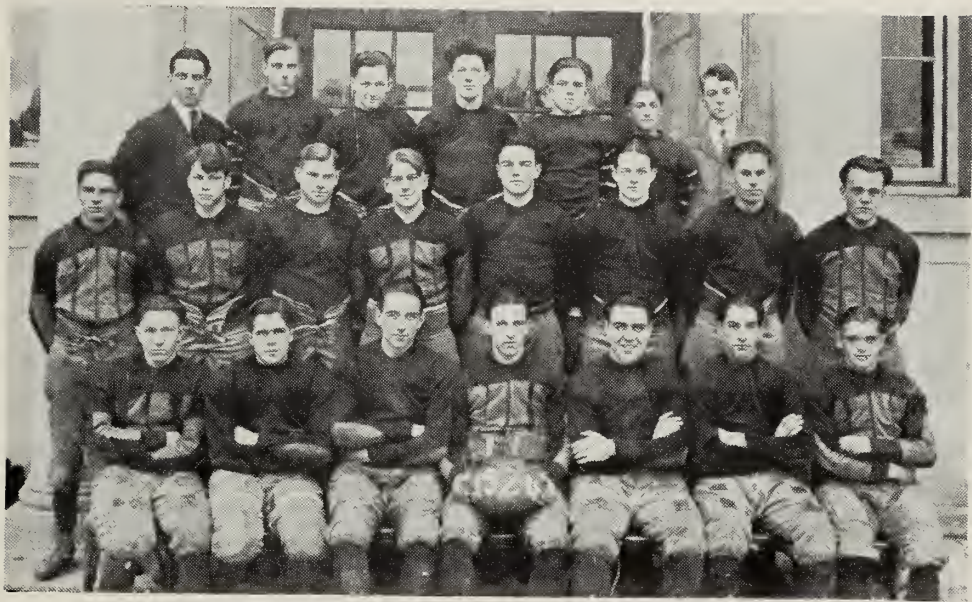
The whistle shrills and off they start,
The pig-skin leads the base,
Machine against machine is set,
Each claims the victor's place.

Quarter by quarter passes by
Till men are fagged and spent.
Now is the time that will decide
To which the victory's sent.

A thrilling game! A fighting game!
A game of brains and brawn.
And only those who've hardest fought
May sing the victor's song.



The 1925 Chameleon



Football

In 1924 Belmont shook off the lethargy and jinx that had rested upon them for some years past. Mr. Harris, our new coach, 1919 all American end, showed the boys football as it is played by the colleges, and it was his skillful instruction which enabled a hard-fighting team to beat our over-confident rival, Watertown.

Of all our games perhaps none was as spectacular as the one with Watertown. A score made by Belmont in the first minute of play was offset early in the third period; through the rest of the third and most of the fourth period the teams battled with no advantage to either team. Both stands rose to their feet when Watertown, with a series of passes, made three successive first downs but they tried it once too often and a long pass was intercepted by Sidney Farrell who, with a broken field and perfect interference, made the winning touchdown for Belmont.

At the banquet given by the Dads' Club to the squad, letters and sweaters were awarded to the following: Captain Austin, Manager Burns, Egan, Long, Grady, Gowan, Colburn, Niles, Napoli, Murphy, Butterworth, Anderson, Hood, Flanders, Weatherbee, Farrell, Hawkes, Secor, DeStefano, Sherry, Coe and Waid.

SCORES					Oct. 25	Belmont at Methuen	7	0
			Opp.	Home	Nov. 1	Belmont at Wayland	6	0
Sept. 27	No. Andover	at Belmont	0	19	Nov. 8	Belmont at Waltham	20	0
Oct. 4	Needham	at Belmont	0	0	Nov. 15	Stoneham at Belmont	3	6
Oct. 13	Reading	at Belmont	0	9	Nov. 22	Braintree at Belmont	13	6
Oct. 18	Lexington	at Belmont	14	0	Nov. 27	Belmont at Watertown	6	13



Hockey

At the beginning of the season, the prospects of the puck chasers were not especially brilliant, although practically an entire sextette could be made from the 1924 second-team veterans. Captain John Foster and Manager Oscar Swanson spent the early part of the season directing the squad in building a larger rink than usual. But Fate was against the gallant knights of the curved stick, for there were few really good "hockey days."

The wearers of the blue and red managed to outscore their opponents in 7 out of the 16 times that the weather man permitted them to execute their stiff schedule. Our exact standing in the Boston Suburban Hockey League was not determined, since the ice left before the schedule was completed. Coach Felix V. Cutler recommended that the following receive letters: Captain Foster, Capt.-Elect M. Secor, Mgr. Swanson, P. Whitney, W. Grady, N. Hawkes, M. Egan, S. Farrell, R. Secor, and A. Morin.

SCORES		Opponent		Home
Opponent		Home		
12 Alumni at Belmont	3	7 Cambridge at Cambridge	2	
2 Somerville at Belmont	1	3 Newton at Belmont	1	
4 Watertown at Watertown	5	3 Brookline at Belmont	2	
2 Wellesley at Belmont	0	1 Boston Latin at Belmont	3	
8 Melrose at Belmont	2	0 Huntington at Belmont	3	
		7 Stoneham at Stoneham	0	
	3	Dorchester at Belmont	1	

The 1925 Chameleon



Boys' Basketball

Under the supervision of Coach Harris, the Basketball Team concluded the most successful year at Belmont for a number of years, winning ten out of twenty games. The season was especially successful as it defeated Watertown, its main objective, in the final game of the season by a score of 29 to 21. The team was composed largely of under classmen; boys who will be back with Coach Harris next year to continue to win for the blue and red.

At the season's close, letters were awarded Captain John Butterworth, Aniello DeStephano, William Woods, Richard Murphy, Alfred Larson, Francis O'Toole, George Giles and George Locke.

SCHEDULE:

Milton 23	Belmont 18	Medford 52	Belmont 17
Quincy 20	Belmont 9	Somerville 26	Belmont 18
Waltham 20	Belmont 10	Belmont 19	Somerville 15
Belmont 23	Weymouth 20	Belmont 35	Faculty 14
Waltham 15	Belmont 12	Belmont 34	Wellesley 9
Reading 25	Belmont 14	Belmont 32	N'earstern Freshmen 22
Weymouth 31	Belmont 9	B. U. Freshmen 18	Belmont 12
Belmont 18	Everett 16	Belmont 27	Watertown 21
Everett 30	Belmont 19	Belmont 29	Brown Nichols 12
		Belmont 35	Brown Nichols 7
	Belmont 35	Allen-Chalmers 33	



Girls' Basketball

Beware of the Wearers of the "B." For the first time in the history of Belmont Girls' Basketball this threat has carried weight. With real dash and vigor, this year the team succeeded in gaining second place in the Inter-County League, thereby crowning with success the earnest efforts of our coach, Miss Harrison, and of our competent manager, Elizabeth Locke. Good luck attended us in every instance, until, toward the end of the season, we met another team of a redoubtable calibre, Gardner. Fortune favored us in all other contests except those with the unconquerable Reading team.

The outstanding players of the season were Margaret Gazan and Catherine Conroy, who, as guards, fought always with a "go get 'em" spirit. Ebba Engstrom, the class unfortunate, played side center dauntlessly with Katherine Jones, a reliable player, and Jean Kelso, who easily won a place on the team although only a Sophomore. In the forward section were Rita Vaughn, a veteran of two years; Ethel Anderson, a double star, who played equally well as side center and forward and Elizabeth F. White, an experienced and steady player.

SCORES

Reading vs. Belmont
Methuen vs. Belmont
Everett vs. Belmont
Reading vs. Belmont
Gardner vs. Belmont
Wakefield vs. Belmont

Opp.	Bel.
41	10
6	30
19	30
46	24
18	18
19	43

SCORES

Opp.	Bel.
26	26
22	10
7	58
32	40
29	40
Won 6; Lost 3; Tied 2.	

The 1925 Chameleon



Baseball

As short as has been the period of baseball playing thus far, Belmont's outlook has changed three times.

At the start, prospects were rosy indeed, as it seemed that hordes had turned out to try for a place on the team. Before the first game the squad was depleted by desertion to a number that left the body of just the right size. Our first three games—with Swampscott, Waltham and Allen-Chalmers—were all victories—for our opponents, so our rosy prospects grayed; but our landslide victory over Watertown and our hotly contested one over Wakefield have again given us bright hopes for a successful season during the remaining games.

Capt., WM. LONG

Mgr., HARRY LEON

Coach, LEWIS HARRIS

Sat. Apr. 11	Swampscott at Swampscott	Mon. May 18	Andover at Andover
Sat. " 18	Waltham at Belmont	Wed. " 20	Allen-Chalmers at Newton
Mon. " 20	Saugus at Belmont	Fri. " 22	Weymouth at Weymouth
Wed. " 22	Allen-Chalmers at Belmont	Mon. " 25	Arlington at Arlington
Fri. " 24	Watertown at Belmont	Wed. " 27	Reading at Belmont
Sat. " 25	Wakefield at Wakefield	Fri. " 29	Belmont at Lexington
Tues. " 28	Waltham at Waltham	Mon. June 1	Andover at Belmont
Sat. May 2	Lexington at Belmont	Wed. " 3	Pending
Wed. " 6	Weymouth at Belmont	Sat. " 6	Belmont at Stoneham
Sat. " 9	Saugus at Saugus	Tues. " 9	Watertown at Watertown
Tues. " 12	Stoneham at Belmont	Sat. " 13	General Electric School at Belmont
Fri. " 15	Reading at Reading		

Tennis Team

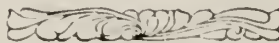
Unfortunately, the Tennis Team, composed of Captain John H. Foster, Warren Flanders, Stephen Smith, Harold Jones, and coached by Felix V. Cutler, was too modest to be photographed; consequently we are without a picture of our gallant racquet handlers who have won three out of four matches up to the time of our going to press.

Since Watertown is numbered among the vanquished, we assure you that this group, despite the lack of practice courts, has acquitted itself nobly since its organization three years ago; so nobly that this year its members may receive some insignia as a reward for their accomplishments.



Non-Varsity Sports

For the past two years the Class of 1925 has had its own way in all interclass contests, save boys' basketball. The boys set the pace in the fall of 1923 by winning the School Football Championship; since then the Class of '25 has won every interclass athletic event, except boys' basketball. This year, the Juniors defeated the Seniors by one point in the thrilling basketball clash which shared the afternoon with the memorable Faculty-Varsity clash in which the valiant instructors fell far short of the standard set by their colleagues in 1925.





WE WISH TO CONTRADICT THE RUMOR THAT—

Payson Park is a zoo.

Mr. Greenwood wears Bull-Dog suspenders.

Foster's motorcycle is for sale.

The Strand "organ" is merely an overgrown accordion.

Everett Piers Lyman Copeland has succeeded in raising a moustache.

The Highway Department has recently re-seeded Harvard Lawn.

South Sudbury is a one-horse town!

S. B. C. stands for Smith Brothers' Cough Drops.

There is any special significance in the initials F. O. G.

Mr. Spencer is related to Rudolph Valentino.

"It ain't going to rain no mo'."

The banana shortage still exists.

All Post Graduates are dumb.

Venezuela is bordered by New Guiano.

Arthur Young needs a haircut.

Watertown can play football, basketball, hockey, and baseball.

Eric Lifner has fallen deeply in love.

Rita Vaughn has broken eighty-three hearts. (The exact number is unknown.)

Seasoned soldiers are necessarily peppered.

Sophomores are all that the name implies.

Arthur Clark has been cutting up.

Edna Bailey and Harry Leon are collaborating to produce the most complete English Dictionary.

Wayland has discharged its policeman.

Miss Calderara calls the fifth period, her "Children's Hour!"

The tailor charges extra to press Charlie's pants.

Edmund Burke was lucid.

Molloy, known to all the alumni of the past eight years, voted for LaFollette.

WE HAVE WITH US.



THE PLEGES.



GOOD DAY TO YOU!



"THE EMBROIDERED EMBLE"

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE!



THE FIGHTING FACULTY



THEY ALL-BUT WON!



GIRLS! FLOWER!

The 1925 Chameleon

Miss Fleming cleans the ice chest on "hash days."

Miss Miller was once seen without her "inevitable brown bag."

The faculty aren't good sports. (Ask ~~the~~^{the} basketball team.)

The good die young. (Don't mention it, Miss Johnson.)

These are supposed to be funny.

H. T. B.

THE POISON, WATSON!

Copeland: "What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, yet left two to each of his children?"

Crouse: "I bite."

Copeland: "Parents!"

MARVELOUS!

Miss C—(Explaining a geometry theorem): "Now everyone watch the board while I go through it again."

INDEED!

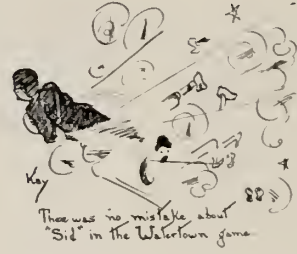
Because laundry drivers wear silk shirts it doesn't necessarily mean they get high wages.

"AMONG THE BOOK LOVERS"

"What is Home Without a Radio," by Harry Leon. The subject is handled in the author's clever fashion.

"Art of Auctioneering"—An unusually striking treatise by the World's Champion Barker—Harold T. Burns.

Belmont High School



The 1925 Chameleon

"Woed and Won by Telephone"—A delightful autobiography by Giles, in which he gives us his pet system of "getting" numbers.

"This Year's Best Cellars," by The World-Famous Druggist, Charlie Carouse.

"My Favorite Hims," by Rita Vaughn. The author tells, in a refreshing and original manner, the individual charm of each "Him."

"Easy Marks," a fine bit of philosophy, in which the author confides her most approved methods of gathering honors. This work is by that new star on the horizon of literature, Aubigne Lermond.

"Harvard or Bust," by the faithful student, Roger Corey. The latest and most complete notes on the college "Entrance Inquisitions."

"Why Business Managers Should Go Out For Track." The true story of a misunderstood man, Arthur Clark, the CHAMELEON Coin-Juggler.

"The Dear-Slayer," by Plenimore Oakes, a tale of love and adventure very much in demand.

"Up Boys and Atom," an airy little story, of much weight in a little volume, chemically pure, bound in ions, by A Molly Cule.

E. B.

Belmont High School

MODERN EPIGRAMS

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1. "It pays to advertise." | Harry Leon |
| 2. "Truth in advertising implies honesty in manu-
facture." | Our Advertisers |
| 3. "Your naborhood druggist." | Charlie Crouse |
| 4. "Keep that schoolgirl complexion." | Gladys Burns |
| 5. "Say it with flowers." | N. Bartsch |
| 6. "Be prepared!" | Bennett |
| 7. "Well groomed men and actors—." | Stanley Russell |
| 8. "They satisfy." | E. Copeland |
| 9. "The friendly voice." | G. Anderson |
| 10. "Dress well and succeed." | Bill Long |
| 11. "Kills pain." | Edna Bailey |
| 12. "Fifteen minutes a day." | LeRoy Redfield |
| 13. "What a whale of a difference a few cents make." | P. Whitney |
| 14. "The friendly glow." | A. Lermond |
| 15. "It's the bean." | Foster |
| 16. "You might just as well have the best." | Kay Sullivan |
| 17. "Ask a man who owns one." | Packard |
| 18. "Absorbs the shocks that tire you out." | Miss Miller |
| 19. "A banana a day, keeps the doctor away." | Corey |
| 20. "How did your garters look this morning?" | Giles |
| 21. "That eight o'clock fatigue." | Butterworth |
| 22. "Have you had your iron to-day?" | E. McLaughlin |
| 23. "Going, going—gone!" | Joe Rocket |
| 24. "Your daily dozen." | Sid Farrell |
| 25. "Such popularity must be deserved." | Austin |
| 26. "Richest in cream." | Lunch room milk |
| 27. "All for one, one for all." | CHAMELEON |
| | H. T. B. |

Logic: School—Cram—Exam—
Marks—Flunk—K-Plunk.

The 1925 Chameleon

A Senior stood on a railroad track,
The train was coming fast.
The train got off the railroad track
And let the Senior pass.

SELF-MADE

Ethel: "How did you become such a wonderful orator?"
Clarkie: "I started by addressing envelopes."

DUMB!

Knuger: "What do you think of the Turkish atrocities?"
Charlie: "I don't know, I never smoked any!"

HONESTY

Teacher: "Why did you put quotation marks at the beginning and end of your examination paper?"

Student: "I was quoting the fellow in front of me."

POOR BILL!

Burns: "What'll I write about Bennett?"

Copeland: "Make some mention of his singing."

Burns: "But Miss Miller insists that these write-ups must be kind."

PARTING

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf
And said—with expression pained
(As they watched the milk man filter the milk)
“Our relations are getting strained.”

CLASS BREAKS!

The President: “Will the Secretary please read the minutes of the last meeting.”

Ed Gazan: “Doesn’t the secretary have to do anything but keep time?”

IMMUNE

A Freshie stood on a burning deck
But as far as I could discern,
He did not get hurt a single speck,
For he was too green to burn.

MISLEADING

Miss X—“Master Fcster, what’s this I hear about your calling me a jackass?”

Soph: “Why, I only said you were a burro of ‘information.’”

COLLEGE MATH

Freshman: “I heard a man speak the other day and he said all teachers were bookworms.”

Sophomore: “Yes, but not geometry teachers; they’re angleworms.”

HOW CLEVER!

Marge: “I wonder what has become of the old-fashioned dime novel?”

Freddie: “It’s gone up to a dollar and a half.”

SPEED!

“Where did slow-motion pictures originate?”

“From watching three Scotchmen reach for the meal check!”

PRECISELY

Snapper: “What’s a vacuum?”

Norman: “Er—er—I can’t seem to express it, but I’ve got it in my head.”

The 1925 Chameleon

COMPREHENSIBLE

Mr. Greenwood: "Farrell, do you understand this?"

Farrell: "Yes, sir!"

Mr. Greenwood: "Then everyone must."

DIPLOMACY

Jokes of teachers all remind us,
We can make our marks sublime
By bursting forth in joyous laughter,
At the designated time!

By chance, we have run across an editorial in an 1884 issue of the Houston "News" which states, in brief: "The present generation is going to the dogs. Unless our children mend their ways, we shall have nothing, in a few years, but a nation of corrupt people." Let's see. That date would make the wild children of the previous generation, just about 57 years old now, and they are giving us the same line.

REALLY!

Wetherbee, the school's one-ring circus, remarked as he watched an airplane doing its stuff, "Well, above all things!"

ONLY AN AMATEUR

Butter stood staring gloomily at the volumes of the Encyclopedia in the library—from AUS down through BIS and CHA, clear to ZYM. "Guess I've got a lot to learn," he muttered, "I never get any of those stations on my set."

A SUGGESTION, GIRLS!

Always take your roller skates with you when you go auto-riding.

GRIM IRONY

The poet who starved to death with a volume of Bacon in his lap.

UGH!

Miss M: "What is a commentator?"

Stude: "Just a common spud."

ON THE FOSTER-RICHARDSON STEED

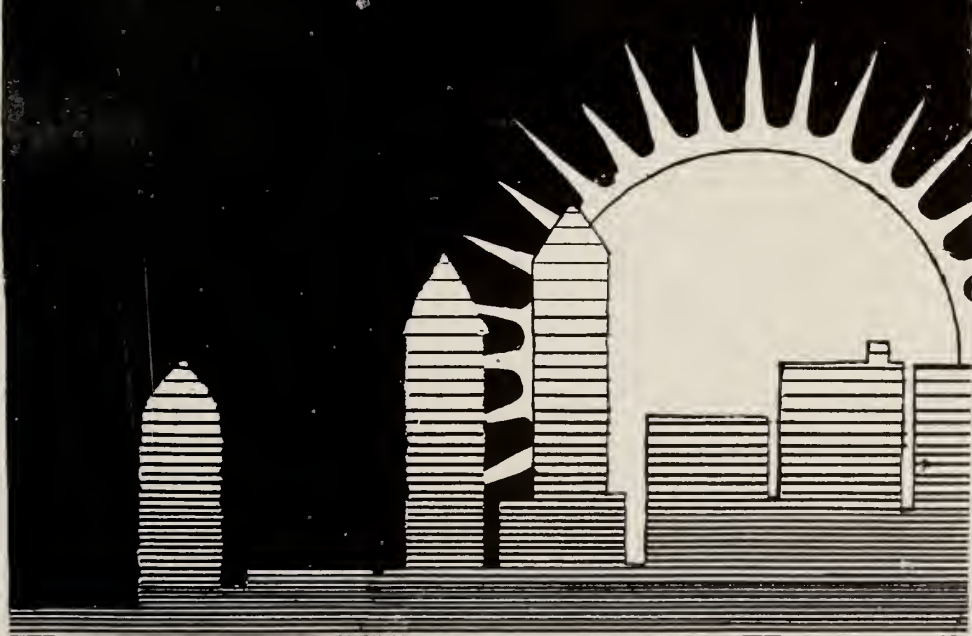
Give ear to this tale of a motor bike
That putted to school as nice as you like,
Depositing John at the school's front door
As well as the Jinx of the class before.
A horrible racket; smiles from the pair
As they deftly park their gasoline mare.
Out go their chests as they strut to classes,
They've dubbed themselves, Kings of Belmont's masses.
Thus four long hours till recess bell's din
Affords them the chance for a "grand-stand" spin.
But how soon is man's pride smashed into bits
When he owns a cycle subject to fits.
With the usual crowd about his steed
John stepped on the crank—the bus didn't heed.
Again and again to poor John's dismay
That beastly motor refused to obey.
My boy! Sweet Patience, that wonderful dame
Is invaluable when your bus goes lame.
But Johnny was baffled; he stormed and cussed
To think that HIS buggy should up and bust.
He fumed and sweated and made such a row
No wonder it wouldn't go for him now.
Then on to the scene came that great P. G.
You're right; 'twas none other than old Jinxie.
He applied his foot to the cranky crank,
Started to fool with the gasoline tank.
The carburetor might be on the bum,
Thus causing that one-lunger not to hum.
The baffled Jinxie stood off for a bit
In order that he might consult his wit.
But crowds will not let great minds think in peace.
Suggestions were offered nor would they cease,
For a humorous streak was in the bunch.
Pranks were forgotten and so was the lunch
Till again that stern bell dissolved the mob
But after school they're again on the job.

Ten minutes of pushing—then, gosh, she'll go
And she only skips every once or so.
But when she's warmed up with a kick in her heels
Just look at her whip up those tired old wheels.

Can she go—I'll say she can!!!

D. O.

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Lovejoy Manufacturing Co.

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To The Class of 1925:

*Our Love And Good Wishes Follow You Out
Yonder In Life Where You Are To Live Your
Lives and Win Your Successes.*

*Roosevelt, Lover Of Youth, Said: "Life's A
Game; Don't Flinch, Don't Foul, And Hit The
Line Hard! Play Up, Play Up, And Play
The Game!"*

We Believe In You; We Are Rooting For You.

Play The Game!

THE DAD'S CLUB.

GABRIEL SNUBBERS

THERE IS NO OTHER

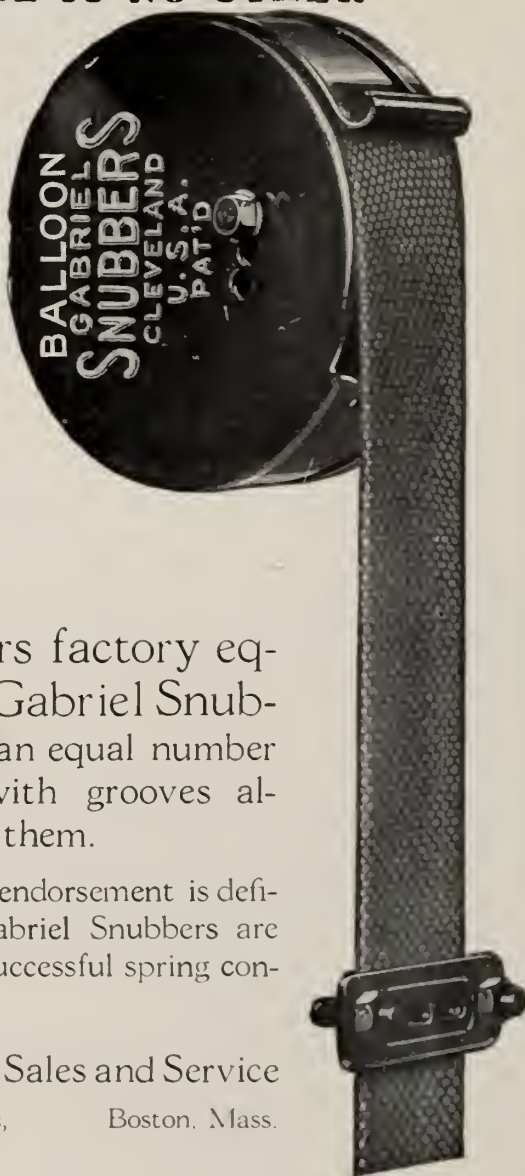
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HARDWARE, PAINTS AND OILS

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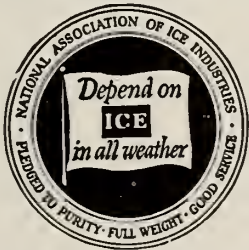
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